

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
IN MEMORY OF
LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD
CLASS OF 1915

Dec. 29, 1925.



No Frontispiece my Verses have,
But what kind Readers fansyes grave.

THe Shadow of a spreading Tree
From *Sirius* doth the sh

he

ard free,
He listens to a silver Spring,
Whose waters, as they run, do sing ;
A little House, *Roell*, is near.
A Palace, when her *Lord* is there ;
The Gentle *Lambs* are feeding by ;
The *Muse* approaching, with fair Eye,
Offers her bounteous Hand, and says,
Shepheard, here take this sprig of Bayes.
Embrace me, *Virgin*, Answers He,
I care not for thy Bayes but *Thee*.

He was too bold : The Muse too coy.
She frown'd, and threw the sprig away.

NYMPHA LIBETHRIS:
OR THE
COTSWOLD
MUSE,

*Presenting some extempore Verses
to the Imitation of yong Scholars.*

In four Parts.

Quis me reprobendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat, si
quantum exercit ad suas res obcurandas, quantum ad fistos
dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates,
et ad ipsam quietem animi et corporis conceditur temporis;
quantum alii tribunt intempestivis conviviis, quantum
denig. alioe, quantum pise; tantum mihi egomet ad haec
studia recolenda sumsero?

LONDON.

Printed for F. A. at Worcester.

1651.

C. PLIN. Epist. 1.13.

Sed tanto magis laudandi probandi sunt, quos à scribendi recitandi studio, hac Auditorum vel desidia vel superbis non retardat.

Idem, vii. 8.

Fas est et Carmine remitti: non dici continuo et longo (id enim perfici nisi in otio non potest) sed hoc arguto et brevi quod aptè quanta libet occupationes distinguit. Lusus vocantur: sed hi lusus non minorem interdum gloriam, quam seri consequuntur. Itaque summi Oratores, summam viri, sic se aut exercebant aut delectabant; immò delectabant, exercebantque

Adolescentibus bonæ spei,

SACKVILLO,

STRATFORDIIS fr.

GULIELMIIS fr.

HACKETTIS fr.

ÆARAO,

Nec non, COMMELINIS fr.

Contubernalibus suis S.

Victus Amore vestrūm, videtis quo
feror. In hac etate, cum maturum
aliquid (si quid) edere deberem, et quod
viris placere posset, Flosculos nescio quos
parturio, et cum pueris cano. Sed bene ha-
bet, si vobis, Auditores lectissimi, quocun-
que modo, ad Humanitatis studia p̄raire
poterō. Nam, ut magnopere laborem de fa-
ma, non est tanti. Etiam me liora Ingenia
quam est hujus hominis, sine venia non
placent. Vos vero valete, et Musam ve-
stram, quod facitis, amate.

Vester C. B.



The Chief Names honoured by the Muse.

<i>CHANDOS.</i>	<i>Green.</i>	<i>Rusell.</i>
Beale.	Hacker.	Samwayes.
Bellers.	Hammond.	Savage.
Bosworth.	Higford.	Skynner.
Bowr.	Hill.	Stapylton.
Bridges.	Howell.	Stratford.
Brown.	Kery.	Taylor
Burton.	Lawes.	Thomas.
Carew.	Lingen.	Tours.
Charlton.	Luther.	Turner.
Collier.	Merret.	Warren.
Commelin.	Mynn.	Williams.
Constable.	Palmer.	Wheare.
Critton.	Parry.	Womack.
Crofts.	Philips.	Wright.
Falkland.	Pinke.	Wroughton.
Freeman.	Powell.	Zwinglius.
Fuller.	Prideaux.	
Godwin.	Reading.	
Greenwood.	Rogers.	

5

The Consecration of all.

TO MY LADY CHANDOS.

MADAM, See here, your *Roell Muse*
Exults for Joy your Name to use ;
(*Fair, Noble, Good*, all Titles due,
Are understood, when I name *you* :)
Well knowing every Thing is grac'd,
That's under *your* protection plac'd.
She's innocent, yet flies t' Your wing,
T' avoid *Suspicion*. She doth bring
Some Men of *Arms*, and Other some,
Whose praises do from *Learning* come.
To *Ladies*, She hath Honour done :
And above All, *Yourselv*e are One.
She hath inserted a few Toyes,
To please and profit the School-boyes.
I charge her, not disturb your *pray'r*,
(Though sometime she breaths holy ay,

And sings the LITURGY in verse :)

Not unseasonably rehearse :

But wait, til, at you *vacant* time,

You please to listen to her Rime.

When you, THAT'S GOOD, vouchsafe to say;

That, ô *that* word's the Poëts Bay.

To the same.

MAdam your Muse hath been in Labour too;
And she is now deliver'd, after you.

Her Off spring hath it's Fate, as you desire,

To live or, if you favour not, expire.

But may Yours last, and in all Grace-excell;

And be--what ? The fair Mothers parallel.

Præceptoris Suo,
Mro C. B.

Cantas, non tenetas Amationes :
Nullus Carminibus tuis Priapus,
O fatum bene ! Sanctiore Musa.
Tu Casus modo forenum Uerorum,
Et Libros canis eruditiores :
Phedri pellepidam modo et Fabellam,
Et donas Epygamma Sarbivi.
Nulla est Pagina de tuo Libello,
Quæ non sim meliorq; doctiorq;.
Hæc, inter trepidos Scholæ susurros,
Condit Carmina, idoneum levamen
Curarum. Domini die vocante,
Volvis majus Opus, sacrosq; libros
Interpres populo Eloquentiā aptā
Exponis, Grege non tumultuante.
Humana et sacra quando miscuisti
Felix, atq; Homini Deoq; servis ;
O sis aquæ Homini Deoq; carus !
Vive, et scribe diu, venustiores
Artes et sapiens severiores.

Hackettus.

Vester

VESTER AMOR, MI PRECEPTOR, SIT NYMPHA LIBETHRIS
NON SOLUM: HEC CADEM SIT QUOG, NOSTER AMOR.

Thorn.

PRITHEE, what Virgin's that, so fine, so sweet,
That trippeth ore our Hils with her fair feet?
Such Beauties we in *Cotswold* do not use
To see oft. Ha! It is my Master's Muse:
The Mountain-Muse. She's Gentle, if she's His:
Let's all run after her, and get a kiss.

Sackvill.

IF your Muse hither make her oft resorts,
She'l be as much lov'd, as were Dovers sports.

Stratford.

NYMPHE (sic: Te semper ament) LIBETHRIDES AD SINT
SEMPER VIRGINEO, SIC PRECOR UNA, CBORO.

A. S.

Daphnis. Amyntas.

D. AMYNTAS, HO! DIDST THOU ESPY, TO DAY,
A MOUNTAIN-NYMPH PASS NIMBLY BY THIS WAY?
HER GARMENTS HANDSOM WERE, THOUGH NOTHING BRAVE
HER CHEEK AND EYE, SUCH AS THY *Phylis* HAVE.
A. *Daphnis*, TO ROELL HOUSE EARLY SHE WENT,
TO HER BRAVE LORD, SOME TOKEN TO PRESENT.
D. *Amyntas*, THANKS: NO BETTER NEWES I'D HEAR:
I KNOW, SHE'L FIND A NOBLE-WELCOM THERE.

Tounseid.

*On the Poems of Mr C. B. sometime
of Gloc. Hall.*

Sir, He that reads your verse wil say, In it
There is some Learning too as well as Wit.
Although it now ly desolate, Gloster Hall
Was surely sometime more than a bare wall :
And among more Ingenious Fellowes there
You conversation had with learn'd Will. wbear.
Your sober Muse, not puff with Wine and Ale,
Shall b' entertain'd both in the Hills and Vale.

T.B.

To Zoilus.

POor Zoilus ! I do already know ,
Because thou thinkst me Frend to Cicero ,
(And I'l prevent thee in it) This thy Gibe is ,
Even old Martial's , *Carmina quod scribis* .
I care not for thy censure , but conclude ,
Cause it displeases thee , my Verse is good .

A MICO.

Barksdallis hic Imaginem videoas Thui ,
Musæg; cantus audias gratis sua ,
At audias vidensq; prædictes bene ,
ut Ille semper prædicat de Te optime .

NYMPHA

N

C

N

TI
O

NYMPHA LIBETHRIS
OR THE
COTSWOLD
MUSE.

I. Part.

VIRGIL.

Nympha nosfer Amor Libethrides.

The Nymphs, that dwell above
Oth' Mountains, are our Love.

LONDON,
Printed for F. A. at Worcester.

1651.



C. PLIN. I. 3.

Effinge aliquid et excude, quod sit perpetuum. **T**uum. Num reliqua rerum tuarum post unum alium atque, alium dominum sortientur: hoc numquam tuum desinet esse si semel caperit.

Idem 7. 28.

Nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos
nos Iudicium vocant.





Nympha Libethris,
OR
The Cotswold Muse.

I. To the Reader.

THe Cotswold Muse so call'd, to do her right,
For rustic plainesse, not for any hight ;
Humbly caves pardon, if she chace to meet
Some delicate Reader, on her tender feet.
She tunes her innocent Notes for pupils
Whose fancy can't digest a verse too strong : (yong,
High Poems will deter them ; these may teach
And animate, because so near their reach.

II. Ad Magistrum Jonesium Coll.
Ex. Socium.

Conser meorum carminum, si vis, p[ro]p[ter]o ;
Si quid merentur, calculum adjicias tuum.
Sed non merentur ; talis est candor rameu[rum],
Ni fallor, ac erga me amicum Amor tuus ;
Et censeas haec apta, qua pueri legant,
Id eque doctis posse non sperni veris.

Doctori Greenwood Pro-
canc. Ox.

O Xoniensem qui Inventutem regis,
 Refixit erga me uestus Amor tuus ?
 Si non refixit, nostris Tu Musis favet,
 (Nam leniunc miserias be cantu meas)
 Istum Lapillo meliore & signa Librum :
 Quem uestra pubes, & pueri nostri legant.
 Sic prosperè Regiminis Annus exeat Tibi,
 Et Sylvia semper viridis florescat Tua.

III. To Dr. Warren, why he
makes verses.

When I am weary of prose, and *Grotius*
 His Gravity is to my stomach nauseous :
 Then call I up my Cotswold Muse, to string
 Her Instrument, and (though but hoarse) to sing.
 She sits with me, since we familiar grew,
 Whene're I want such company as you.
 Often she brings my friends in, on her feet,
 And renders their sweet Mem'ry yet more sweet.
 I smile at her, if she do chance to hit
 On a good expression, or some point of wit :
 And if shee barbarise, like boyes at school,
 I smile too, and then chide, Away you fool.

IV. On

IV. *On the Death of Mr. Charles Parry
Physician of Hereford.*

You that have credited your heav'nly Art.
By your long life, and health of every part :
You that have thousand patients yet alive,
New life unto your Memory to give :
You that cou'd a liv'd still, but that you'd die
Seeing the Church and Colledge vacant lie :
You that did blesse your Physic with much pray'r,
By which I think, we so soon cured were :
You that, when living, would not take from me,
One small piece ; now you're dead, accept this Fee :
This my remembrance of your worth you have,
A mean, yet gratefull verse, to adorn your Grave.

V. *To Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, Jan. I.
with Fragmenta Regalia.*

Sometime, in Littl's Much :
I think this Book is such.
Great Elizabeth is here,
And many a Noble Peer.
Here in a Model true,
You may their pictures view :
Pictures, that represent
The Face, and Minds intent,
I' st not a great Gift then,
The Queen and all her Men !
'Tis not enough ; to you
Much more, from me, is due.
The rest in pray'r I give,
That you and yours may live.

VI. Upon an obscure hard Book,

What meanst thou The Volums open, and I look
 With strict intent on ; yet to me the Book
 Is closed still, and ty d. I am as blind
 I'ch' sense, as if, when scatter'd by the wind,
 Sybill a's leaves I were to recompose ;
 These leaves are as unknown to me as those.
 Let others purge their br . ins, w th some rare drug,
 To pierce thy meaning. The Italian shrug,
 Or nod, or any sign instead of speech
 I'l rather hearken to. Thou dost not teach,
 But puzzle me : And I have cause to doubt
 The Author, to amuse us, put t out.
 Well, Goe thy ways. Certain, thou art less good,
 B . cause thou writ'st not to be understood.

VII. To Mrs. Abigail Stratford
standing silent.

Your Silence speaks your Virgin Modesty :
 Your silence speaks 'gainst our loquacity :
 Your silence tells us, that you meditate,
 And treasure what y ur Mother doth relate.
 Silence, the gracefull orn'ment of a Maid,
 Is the wifes best defence. When all is said,
 The Husbands wrath takes place ; for her own sake,
 And for his too, let silence answer make.

Now, since so many gifts in silence are,
 What language with sweet silence can compare ?

VIII. *Preface to a paraphrase of Grotius
de veritate, &c.*

What learned *Grotius*, in Dutch Verse,
To Holland Merchants did rehearse,
My Muse would to the English send,
For this, wh ch was the Authors end :
That, among all things bought and sold,
And purchase of the Indian gold,
To make amends for what they've thence,
They may transport one pearl from hence ;
And plant Religion in those lands,
Where Reason hath any commands.
Goe on my Muse : see yonder Ray
From Heaven, to light thee on thy way !

IX. *Upon the English Liturgy put
into Verse.*

Excuse me for my pains : I thought it meet,
I' erect our cast book on Poetic feet.
Happily, in Verse it will be read by those,
That would not use it in the reverend prose.
And i: the Book must needs to G ave be sent,
The Verse may serve it for a Monument.

X. *To Mr. David Williams with the Instru-
ctions for travell. Kal. Jan.*

O Blations take their worth from th' Altar, where
They're layd. Although profane before, yet there
B 3 They

They become sacred. Sir, if that be true,
This now is somewhat worth, being given to You.

The Authors name some Reputation
Adds to the work, describing every Nation :
Not that you should a Traveller become,
Your Travell is to do much good at home.

**XI. To my L.a.C. with some
Papers.**

MAdam, These leaves, in stead of Fruit, intreat
Admission, to confess, not pay my Debts.
Great Debt ! The more I pay, the more is due :
'Cause my Ability I owe to You.
Pray, let these Notes attend on Your commands,
Until my *Gratius* come to kiss your Hands.

XII. Another.

MAdam, I know y'abound with your own store
Of Observations. But as the Poor,
At New year, bring their Apples and their Nuts
To Lords of Woods and Orchards ; and none shuts
The door against them : So may your Servant fare,
And these Notes enter where rich Volums are.

XIII. Upon the Picture of H. Grotius, in the front
of one of his Books, put into English.

THE Grace (and Shame) of Holland, Friend of France,
Sweds Orator, The Conqueror of Chance ;
Poet, Historian, Lawyer, and Divine,
(See and admire Him) all in One combine.

The learned Latin world long since, now you
Of Brittany may entertain him too.

XIV. Upon H. Grotius, and his principal works,
particularly De Imperio, &c.

HE, who the Greek wise Sayings did translate,
VVith equall Pen, to Latin ; Vindicate
From Jew, Turk, Pagan, our Religious Truth,
As learned, as the Aged, in his Youth :
He, who th'Hollandian States Pietie
Presented unto ev'ry impartial eie :
VVho in the Laws of War and Peace all Nations
Hath well instructed : And, in's Annotations
On the whole Book of God, hath made that Light
Shine to unprejudiced mindes more bright :
He that was studious how to reconcile,
This and that Church, in milde Cassanders stile :
Hath shwon, what Doctrine was Pelogius ;
VVho's older Calvin or Arminius ;
Is ever like Himself. Here, which is much,
He's Moderator 'twixt the State and Church ;
And clearly tells you, when you may prefer,
To th'Ancient Riship, the young Presbyter ;
And when that new Invention may please,
By Eldrys Lay, to give the Pastor ease.

XV. Against lascivious
Poets.

INdeed they are not Poets: Creatures of wine,
And wenches; and not of the sister's nine,
The Virgins of the Water, I abuse
That sacred Tit'e. Genuine Poets use,
Like Father Homer, to make, not to mir
Mens manners, better than chryippes far,
He that can't temper Modesty with wit,
Let him away, with Ovid, to the Gete.

XVI. Ad Jacobum Commetinum med. cum
operibus Cratonis.

Qui (cotes non est miserum ægrotare?) quotannis
Sanætati officio Meque Mensque tuo;
Entibi Cratonom Magnam! ut feliciter ille,
Et tu rem medicam (sic vox) facias.
Sic facis; & salutem ce semper praestet Apollo:
Ut possis medicam porrigeere nsque manum.

XVII. Ad Thomam Carew, apud J. C.
cum Davenantii Poëmatiis.

TEquo meum, cum triste fuit mihi tempus, amorem,
Officiis dico demeruisse tuus:
Meque tuum, si forte occasio detur, amorem,
Officiis dices demeruisse meis.
Si placet, interea, hoc grandis non grande Poëta,
Ingenius dignum manus habero tuis.

XVIII. To Mr. T. S. at his Generals
Funeral, Collonel Myn.

Sir, could I tune my song as sweetly o'r
Your Generals hea se, as doth the Swan before
He dyes, you might expect, at th' Funerall,
Something from Me, worthy your Generall.
Let others, in Heiolic Poems, sing
His praise, and worthily. I'l only bring
Some sighs and tears, not from dissembling Art,
But such as rise from a dejected Heart.
When you shall mention, how he did excell
In valour and fidelity; how well
The soldier and the city lov'd him; there
From my sad-melting eye shall drop a Tear.
When, at your Periods, some, amongst the Crowd,
T' approve your grattfull Sermon, hem a lowd;
Though I extremely love your piety,
My Commeritdation shall be a sigh.

Thus, in rude sighs and Tears, I celebrate
The Dead. True Grief is not elaborate.

XIX. To Mr. Laurence Womock, after the
taking of Hereford, 1645.

If Preachers may be crown'd, as Poets may,
You as your Name, shall surely wear the Bay:
But Lawrence, when so many now make sute,
And preach long Sermons, who before were mute;
Why are not you employ'd? You preach as long:
But this weakens your Cauſe, You preach too strong.

And

And you'r put back, now I more nearly see,
Because you have a spice of Prelacy.
No matter, Friend; contentedly forbear:
Your eloquence shall find a Ladie sear.

XX. *To Mr. Turner, when the Gouvernour had
giv'n him one of his Livings.*

See how it goes ! I that do preach and teach ;
Though your perfection I cannot reach,
In chair or Pulpit ; here am I uselesse now,
And, for our faculties sake, I think, on you
Am cast. The Question 'twixt us shall soon end :
I'll be your Curate, and so keep my Friend.

XXI. *Ad D. Ro. Bosworthium, cum
invitatus non veniret.*

Teque, mosque velim, missis Bosworthe, sodales,
Innocuis mixtas salibus esse dapes :
Ceciliusque, Philippusque, & quo: uersus ille,
Porellusque tuus, Vinaliusque ferunt.
Ulis pro largo, cum cetera reddis, amore,
Quid mibi das ? Veniam, dulcis Amice, dabis.

XXII. *On the translations by Sir
Ro. Stapylton.*

Wise Juu'nal, neat Musaeus, Ovid sweet,
The Belgic bellic History, in meet

And

And equall phrase to th' Greek and Latine, all
English! You by what Title shall we call?

A polite Courtier, Grave Philosopher,
Poet, Historian, and Souldier.

The Authors, you translate, have the Great Seal,
To make them free of th' English Common weal.

XXII. *On Mr. Howels Vocal Forest.*

You've made the Oke, Vine, Olive, and the rest,
Discourse rare pastages, as became them best:
The Laurels, you have hghly honor'd too;
And 'tis their Gratitude to honour you.
A sprig or Branch is not enough. If we
May have a Vote, you shall have a whole Tree.

XXIII. *Upon a Visit of my La. C.*

It calls to mind the times Heroic, when
Angels descended to converse with men:
It calls to mind the Day, when Angels sung
Gods glory, earths peace, Good will men among.
The Prince of Glory, to save man from sin,
Made his first Visit to the poorest In;
And to the wildernes he took his way,
To reduce home the sheep, was gone astray.
This lowlinesse and Meeknesse did fore-run,
And cause his glorious exaltation.
Even so, Great Persons a e hot of lesse Rate,
This divine Goodnesse when they imitate.
By these their high Humilitie, they are,
And Condicensions the Greater far.

Our Visit was not silent : She did say
 Words, that are Musick to me every day :
 They dwell in m'ear and mem'ry : to express
 Them on this paper, were to take them less.

XXIV. Upon the Decease of my
 Infant-Lady.

Even so, the nipping wind in May doth come,
 And blast the choicest fruit, in the first blooken :
 Yet shall this Bliflom of Nobilitie,
 Preserv'd by Angels care, immortal be :
 Such delicate Bodies sleep, and are laid by,
 In their Repositories. They do not dy.

XXV. Upon the Scholars succeeding
 Souldiers at Sudeley Castle.
 To my Lo. C.

MY Lord, If we kept Garrison in your House,
 We should perhaps, after the Souldiers use,
 Welcome your Honour with Artillery,
 As now we doe with our small Poetry.
 But, we believe, your Lordships better pleas'd,
 The Castle's of the Garrison now eas'd ;
 And will prefer the Gentle Muses Lyre,
 Before the thundring Mars his smoak and fire.
 You're our Good Angel ; to your Gracious eies,
 We offer up this Paper-sacrifice.
 Nor make we any excuse, for, in our sense,
 The Pardon's sure, where Duty's the offence.

XXVI. *Sudeley to Rowill.*

Rowill, the Hills, on which thou sittst, do not
 So much exalt thee, as my Lord, thou'st got
 Into thy bosom, when I deiert ly,
 Vouchsafte perhaps a glance of 's passing eye.
 I must confess, at present thy low roof
 (The Hills too're fitter for his Horses hoof)
 Excels my Turrets, and whilst He is there,
 Sudeley is scarce said to continue here.
 The time will come, if our Hopes be not vain,
 When Sudeley shall be Sudeley once again :
 And Thou, my envy'd Rowill (no more harm
 I wish thee) shalt return into a Farm.

XXVII. *Rowill to Sudeley.*

WHAT if my Lord well knowing the unrest
 Of Palaces and Courts, doth think it best,
 Sometimes to choole a solitary place,
 And it with his beloved presence grace ?
 Envy not, stately Sudeley, it's not thy Crime,
 That is the cause, but Troubles of the Time.
 Peace, banisht from Great Houses, is retir'd
 To Me, and such like Corners. I desir'd
 My Lord should breath himself a while with Me ;
 When War is ended, let him dwell with Thee.

XXVIII. *Amico nobili D. Gul. Higford,
 cum elogiis Thuan.*

Quid me non dignum tanto dignar is honore,
 O deus, & patre gloria magnatue !
 Scilicet, ingenii cum preste, ipse vigore :
 Obscuru lucem conciliare placet ?

*Sim vanus, nisi me laudes meruisse negaro,
Quas tua facundè Musa benigna dedit.*

*Nec tamen immerit aspernari : non mihi tale
Ingenium, nec ita est cornea fibra mihi.
En, tibi Doctorum Elogia (at ne sperne) virorum
Do : Tibi par nullum scribitur Elogium.*

XXIX. *A lens regnum bona pos-
fides, &c. Sen.*

Riches exalt not men on high,
Nor costly clothes of Tyrian dy :
Nor Court, nor Crown, nor other thing,
Is the mark proper of a King.
He, that from all base fears hath rest ;
That banishes vice from his breast ;
Whom no Ambition doth move,
Nor the unconstant peoples love ;
Whose Mind's his best Dominion,
Free from untruly passion ;
He's truly King. Thus if you live,
A Kingdom to your self you give.

XXX. *Answer to one, that asked why he lov'd a
Gentlewoman, not extreme handsome.*

The Reason, Sir, is, if you woul'd needs know,
That which the Poet hath expreid so :
There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
It is meer couisenage all :
For, though some long ago
Lik'd certain colours mingled so and so,

That

That doth not ry me now from choosing new :
 If I a fanſie take
 To black and bleu,
 That fanſie doth it Beauty make.

XXXI. *His Love.*

How can I chuse but place my high-born Love,
 Where I these Graces find come from above?
 Humble in Heart, in minde discerning, chaste
 And temperate in Body, without vast
 Unlimited Deſires ; whose paſſions all,
 At their Queen Reasons voice, both rise and fall :
 Courteous in ſpeech and gesture : of a Face,
 Which Modesty and Mildneſs sweetly grace :
 Ears undefil'd : Restrained Eyes : a Tongue
 Well govern'd, ready to defend, not wrong :
 To God devout : a Friend unfeigned : prone
 To give and forgiue : Good to all ; Best to One.
 These beauties envy can't ſee ; can't approve :
 I ſee, and ſeeing cannot chufe but love.

XXXII. *At the Funeral of his School-fellow C.M.*

Come Scholars, I invite you all,
 Unto your Fellows Funeral ;
 Not to afflict your ſelves and grieve,
 But take a leſſon how to live :
 Of the Dead learn Humility,
 Obedience, love, moidefty :
 Learn, what to Scholars learning gains,
 Affiduous Industry and pains ;

Learn,

That

Learn, above all, to think upon,
 How soon a mortal life is gone :
 And seeing this life is perplext,
 Esteem him bleſt, whose turn is next :
 Whilst we with toil do con our parts,
 He's rais'd above all humane Arts :
 Hee needs no more Tuition ;
 For lecture, he hath Vision.

XXXIII. *Another.*

And shall we never meet again ? no way ?
 Neither at Schoo' , nor Field ; at Books, nor play
 Is death so envious to our harmless Age,
 To call us thus untimely off the Stage ?
 Or is't not envie, but more pity ; 'cause
 Such Tragedies are acted here : the Laws,
 And Learning silenc'd by the Drum ? 'Tis so ;
 I see what's best ; come all away, let's go.
 Let's leave this evill world, while we are Young,
 Untainted by this Generation.

XXXIV. *Upon the Death of his Brother C. M.
to his Uncle R. M.*

I Have heard, that Man himself is only Spirit,
 And doth no dy, but only goes to inherit
 A better ife ; that he's then set free,
 And rescued from the Bodie's Custodie.
 If this be all the hurt that Death can do us,
 Why should we fear our Death, when it comes to us,
 Or, grieve our Friends departure ? 'Tis no croſs,
 Unless we think our Friends gain is our loss,

Yet am not I so wise to moderate
 The sorrow for my Brothers early fate,
 On such Considerations. If I stay
 The Current of my Tears, I must needs say,
 'Tis through a childish inadvertency,
 And want of wit, sadly to weigh, what I
 Have lost in such a Brother : how I am
 Half dead, at least, in him. Brother's a name
 More near than Friend: and Friends are still'd the same.
 This would pierce deep, did I not find in you,
 Brother and Uncle, yea and Father too.

XXXV. Epitaphium Magistri T. Reading.

Qui potuit felice Scholam formare Minerva ;
 cuius ab ore roris pulpita docta sonor ;
 cui mores, simul Fugenium præclara dedere
 Nomina ; Quem vivum tot colvere Roni :
 Illis Exuvia hic compotæ pace quiescunt ;
 Ipse sed est cælo redditus ante suo.

XXXVI. An Epitaph upon Mr. Jo. Thomas.

Vain Mortall, bid conceits Adieu :
 Happiness lost was never true.
 Art thou born in noble place ?
 Is thy Education like thy Race ?
 Hast thou of Land, and Wealth such store,
 That thou wouldest desire no more ?
 Hast thou a wife vertuous and fair,
 Ready to bleste thee with an heir ?
 Hast thou Honor ? Hast thou Friends ?
 Hast thou all that Fortune lends ?

Pride not thy self. Lo, here lyes One,
Who had all these : and He is gone.

XXXVII. Upon the same.

Rude Death'was't fit, that thy pale hand should light
Upon that Face, and in eternall night
Close up those eyes ? Hadst thou but a while stood,
And view'd him first, his youth, his beauty, his good
Graces and vertues : These might mitigate,
If ought could move inexorable Fare.
But thou, greedy of a rich prize, in hast
Our Friend in thy cold killing arms embrac't.
Keep what thou canst of him : but know, thou must
Be accountable for that precious Dust.

XXXVIII. Upon the Death of Mrs.
Dorothy Thonias.

A Divine Gift, is exprest in her Name.
And in her life and death she was the same.
A divine Gift, she was first in her Birth,
Blessing her parents, and adorning earth :
A divine Gift unto her Husband dear,
When Marriage made them a most happy pair :
A divine Gift in Death, wherein She is
Returned unto everlasting Bliss.
Her Name she doth in life and death maintaine,
First Giv'n by God, then Giv'n to God againe.

XXXIX. Upon her Dying few dayes after her Husband, Great with Child.

Was not the noble Husband sacrifice
 Sufficient to please the angry eyes
 Of cruel Destiny, but the wife too,
 So vertuous, so yong, so fair, so true.
 Must with him to the Grave : Were not they twain,
 Enough for Death, but they must dye again
 In their yong child, and that i'th' very womb,
 Taking the Mothers body for h's Tomb.
 Ah Death ! thrice cruel Death ! Can we
 That could not b'are one blow, b'ar three ?

XL. Upon my La. C. and her sisters comming
 into the Country, in a very rasny Day.

Why doe the Heav'ns thus melt in streams to day,
 At the approach of Vertuous Ladies, say :
 'Tis not for sorrow at so fair a sight ;
 They'r tears of joy hat thus eccl pse the light.
 And see, the Fit being past. the Heav'ns look clear,
 Opening their flaming eye to see them here.
 Here may they passe time with content, and stay,
 Lest Heav'n weep sadly when They goe away.

XLI. Pro Schola reparata : Ad Mæcenates.

E Lognar? at tenera vix est audacia lingua.
 Eloquar : & liceat cuilibet esse pio.
 Me pietas gratum esse jubet : nam me quoque tanq[ue]
 Ornata vestre munere cur'a Schola.

Quas possum Grates habeo, persolvere dignas
 Non opis est: Tenuis Gratia grata Bonus.
 Perque vos gratas Musas decorare, patroni:
 Et pergent Musæ vos decorare pœ.

XLII. In Craftinum Beatæ Luciæ.

Quis clamor turbat tranquilla silentia noctis?
 Cur, Pueri, multa currius, ecce, face?
 Agnoscop; fulsit Pueris (antiquissima, dulcis
 Luci; Grata Schole Lucia luce magis.

XLIII. In D. Doctorem Kerry, & Uxorem ejus pœ Memoriæ.

Unus Amor vinxit concordia pectora: & una
 Alimenta præbuit pauperibus Chæritas.
 Ambos una dies & annos suscepit: una
 Recondit (o Beatos!) urna, cineres.

XLIV. In Sholam torridam.

Heu! Quantus nos æstus habet! Pater, audis, Apollo,
 Ignem in nos vobis mirus è radis.
 Musarum, nostri, Dominus est hac culta tuarum;
 Et per Te licet dulce sonare melos.
 Insuper, hic plantæ florescunt, ecce, tenetæ:
 Crudelis fructus urete, Phœbe, potes?

XLV. Aliter.

Fervida sole calet nimio Sebola, Maxime Phœbe,
 Muhius in toras rad antia lumina sparge!

Nec Te adeo fallit ; nosti namque omnia Phœbus ;
 Hac sibi cœlestes assumunt limina Musæ :
 Sunt &c adhuc teneræ plantæ (audi mente paternâ ?)
 Nec suffere valent fervorem solis iniqui.

P. S.

XLVI. Upon the School extreme hot
 in the Summer.

Is it not wondrous hot ! O dear
 Father Apollo, shoo thy Rays
 More gently : knowst thou not that here
 Thy loved Muses make their lays ?
 Besides, O hear !
 Our plants are yong,
 And cannot bear
 The scorching Sun.

XLVII. De Euryalo & Niso : Æn. 9.

Quis Dens, O Juvenes ; que vos tam dira cupido
 Excitat ad Martis prælia non parilis ?
 Nisi, cur Euryalum Tu in tanta pericula ducis ?
 Euryale, ab ! Nisum cur velis ipse sequi ?
 Est ea vix animis. Tendunt in prælia. Somno
 Corpora pressa gravi multa dedere neci.
 Ambobus fuit unus Amor, Vittoria & una ;
 Soisque una, heu ! nimium mortis acerba fuit.

XLVIII. Aliud.

N^o 1 Iusus ut hostili morientem cuspede vidit
 Euryalum, in medios percutens, ecce, ruit.

*Hic fuit idem animus dverso corpore clausus :
Parte hanc sublata, jam fugit illa simus.*

P. S.

XLIX. Upon the loss of some Copies.

ALas poor Verses ? — why doe I complain ?
No matter if they ne'r be found again,
Lament the losse, the irreparable losse
Of *Littie's Decads*, *Tullies Hortensius*,
Or his *Republica* ! *Terenti's Comedie*,
Or his *Menanders* ; *Ovid's Fasti* be,
And such like Poems worth the naming : These
Ex tempore Verses may be repair'd with ease.
Unless the Reader take all to the Best,
You may complain, you did not lose the Rest.

L. To his Scholars.

AS tender parents, with their Children, may
Goe to Hide and Seek, and other childish play :
So I, that should have clos'd this youthly vein
Long since, for your sakes open it again.

Non erit grave, si adiecero hanc Praeceptoris
Responsionem ad Valedictoriam Petri
Smithi, ad pueros itidem excitandos.

Gratulator mihi, mi Fili, te talum genuisse. Eum te
indicit Oraio tua, de quo liceat paulum gloriari.
Nec aequum est probum dimicere Discipulorum, nisi
merito Elogio bonitatem. In moribus tuis piissimum agnosco,

¶

et modestiam, assiduam in studiis diligentiam. Literis Gre-
cis pariter ac Latinis ita excutus es, ut nemo antecedentium,
meo quidem tempore, fuerit magis. Grammaticus, Poeta,
Rhetor, Historicus, logices etiam elementa et Mathemati-
ces primis, quod asunt, labris degustasti. Et nunc pleniori
haustrum tuam explebis Oxonum. Plura dicerem in lau-
dem tuam, nisi te laudanda facere, quam laudes addire
mallem. Itaque, quod reliquum est, te horror eruditus ac
dilectus Adoleſens, ut laudibus te semper dignum praebear-
et Scholæ nostræ idem evadas et ornatum et exemplum.
Habebis in Tutorum, juvenem doctum, probum, pium, olim
ex hac Schola. Ita, cum Tutorum huic Schole debeas, co-
gitate et Philosophum debiturum. In Aulam B. Marie
cooptandus, ex me scias, Romanensibus in more possum, ut
Operasua Marie dedicent: Tu vero te ipsum et tua omnia
Soli Deo Opt. Max. Consecrare debes. Cujus Gratia im-
mixta aeternitatis. Quod ut fiat, precor, non Sancta Ma-
ria tibi ad sui propria, sed Christus.

FINIS.

S

S

(1)

THE
COTSWOLD
MUSE.

II. Part.

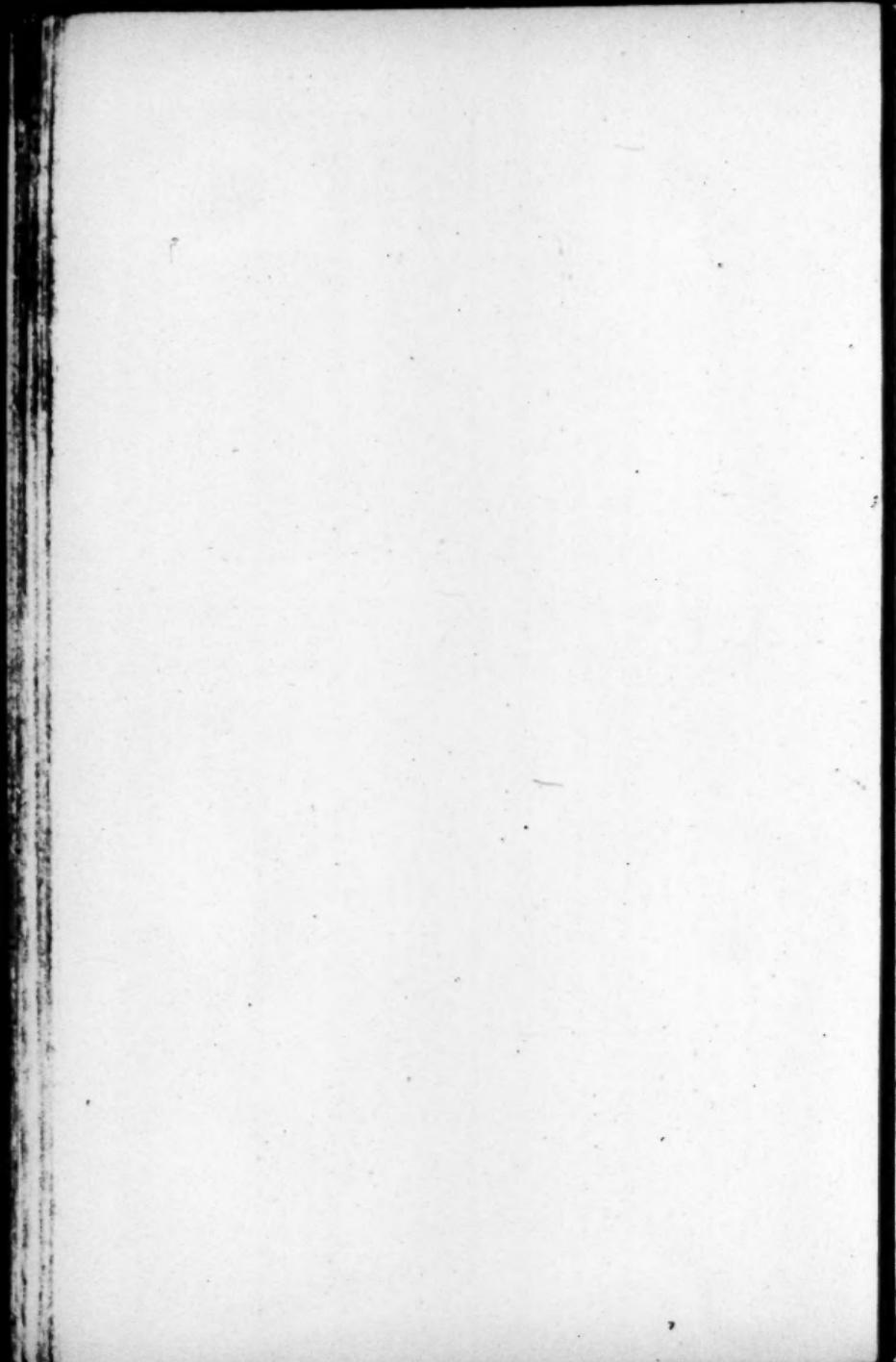
M A R T I A L.

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria; sunt mala plura
Quæ legis: hic aliter non sit, Avite, liber.*

Some Epigrams are good, some are so so :
(This is the fate of books) the bad are mo.

LONDON,
Printed for F. A. at Worcester.

1651.





DEDICATION.

*To the Hopes of Hawling, Mr. Henry
and Mr. Richard Stratfords.*

You, although yet but very yong,
Perhaps will listen to my song :
On your Hils doth the Shepheard keep,
As good as any Cotswold sheep.
And seeing your pastures fruitfull are,
My Muse, I know, shall not goe bare.
May Both of you live long and thrive,
And your learn'd Fathers name revive.

Second

100

100

100

100



SECOND PART.

I. To Mr. Fra. Powell of Ch. Ch.

F^Ranc, I was writing to you, and bit my pen,
 And scratcht too for a Verse, once and agens
 But then my tender Muse told me, she knew,
 You were too much a critic, and withdrew.

II. The Muse craves entertainment.

G^Entlemen, I have travell'd far; and now,
 Some Bonus Genius guided me to you :
 I doe not come, to put you to much cost,
 Provide for me, neither your bak't nor rost.
 Give leave to rest my Feet, weary and bare ;
 A hard Bed contents me, and harder Fare.

III. Cornelia Mother to the Gracchi, è Jul. Scaligero.

„ Scipio me genuit ; genus Cornelia Gracchus :
 „ Quid mirum est, genitam fulmine ferre faces !

Scipio got me, I Gracchies bare. No wonder :
 If fiery brands came from One begot of Thunder.

IV. To Mrs. Jane Commelin, upon the
birth of her second Daughter, at the
buriall of the first.

C Osin, See what reward from Heav'n you have !
So soon as your lov'd Daughter was i'th' Grave,
Whom God took from you, for Correction
Of your excessive love ; a *resurrection*,
To recompence your patience, from the Tombe
Is granted her, thorough your fruitfull wombe.
You may conceive, that as she *languish'd* here,
She, by degree, did take a new growth there.
Nor need you call this child another name ;
But fancy it to be the the very same.

So, when you pluck a fresh Rose ; where it stoo'd,
There presently springs up a second Bud.

V. To Dr. Rogers Canon of Hereford, at his
first Residence.

T He Persian Magi, to the new born King,
Present their Gold, as the first offering :
Duty commands me, give somewhat of mine
To our new born canonical Devine.
'Tis a *small* piece. Had I the rich mans store,
My learned Doctor, I would give you more.
I'd give you as *large* presents, as the rest,
Whom you now entertain at your Great Feast :
Not so great as your *lettewes*. We had in Them,
Dainties from *Athens* and *Jerusalem*.

VI. *A new years Gift to Dr. Bosworth,
Physician of Hereford.*

Doctor, This is the *only* piece of *Gold*,
 Brought me this good Time. *Gratitude* grows old,
 And faint, in Schollers. No reward hath He,
 That is an Informator of *School-free*.
 Nay, which is more : In all my *Parish*, none
 Hath vouchsafit me a *Church-oblation*.
 Did I perhaps a *School-unlincens'd* teach ;
 Or some new *lecture* to the people preach ;
 I should then at their Feasts, my fingers lick,
 Have *Gold* in purse, and *Cassock* wear of silk.
 Be it as 'tis. You will *this Fee* approve,
 In stead of more *Gold*, a true *Golden Love*.

VII. *A present to an oblivious Friend.*

Dear Sir, Two new books of the same I send,
 That when, as you are wont, the *One* you lend,
 T'other may constantly upon you wait,
 As *Monitor*, lest you forget me strait.

VIII. *To the same.*

I understand, 'tis somewhat grievous,
 That my *rude* Muse cald you *Oblivious* ;
 Frown not, my Friend, your *Mem'ry* I will spare ;
 If, at my need, mine your *Affotions* are,
 I give you leave never to think on me,
 Till, by some *Office*, you may *usefull* be.
 'Tis not the oft *Remembrance* shews a friend,
 But *friendly Office*. So let the Quarrel end.

IX. To one that lov'd not Verses.

When, with ingenuous freedome, I rehearse
 My, not amorous nor fair, yet comely Verse :
 With wrinckled face, thou cry'st out, Vanitie !
 Now prithee, what is all that's done by thee ?

X. Upon his seven Children : two Girls dead,
 one alive, and four Boyes.

The divine Goodnesse ! which I have often try'd ;
 A pair to seven is quickly multiply'd.
 Two that were wifest, quickly made return,
 (Pardon me this one tear, fals on their wⁿ :)
 The female remanent, with observant eye,
 I'd have to learn her Mothers hufwifry.
 To the four boyes, I'd leave this regale,
 (God giving) my Arts and Theologie.
 If I can breed them Scholars, there is none
 Can fay, I gave them not a portion.
 In the meane time, I heartly wish, The Quoram
 Would grant me, but *Fus trium libeorum.*

XI. On the Death of Mr. Fr. Pink.

Are thy eyes clos'd, my learned Oculist,
 And thy cleaſt light extinguished ? What, iſt
 No herb, within thy spacious knowledge, can
 Cure the Disease of the Physician ?
 I know what shut thine eyes ; thine eyes did ſee
 Much, wh ch thou wou'dſt not : And thy Grief
 For publick Evils, weighed down thy life.

Goe, and find Simples now, (untill we come
And meet there,) i'th' Groves of Elixium.

XII. To Dr. Charlton.

Brother, Thy Helmont's deep mysterious Art
I will not censure. But, in every part,
I saw such wit, and bright new language shine,
Without the Title, soon I judg'd it Thine.

One thing I blam'd (yet I know 'twas well meant)
With too large an Elogium it was sent.

XIII. Upon Dr. Croft, Dean of Hereford,
his first Residence.

The people looke for their good cheer and wine,
According to th' old Custome : By a fine
Devise you doe evade (though the sad days
May well excuse not feasting, many wa's)
You, in your Grave and learned lectures, bring,
To feast us, Great Melchizedec the King;
Your Auditors, intent on you, still feed;
And taste the wine, He brought for Abrams need :
This when the Townsmen heard the church-men say,
They envied our good cheer and went their way.

XIV. To Sir William Croft, with
Thuan's P. incipit.

Wise Sir, when I considered, how I might
Thank you for th' Letter you were pleas'd to write,

In favour of me, to that Prelate, who
 Thinks it reward enough of Good, to do:
 This *Manuscript* was ready at command,
 And all my Princes haste to kisse your hand:
 Here you have divers Knights and Prelates too,
 Some few like *Him*, and fewer such as you.

XV. Upon Dr. Brown Dean of
 Hereford, Preaching.

Yonder he is! prepare and purge your eare;
 You shall a *Cyfostom* or *Ambrose* hear;
 With heavenly streins of divine *Nazianzen*:
 Such voice, such file, such gesture as those Men,
 (We believe) us'd, when in their *Homilies*,
 They drew so many *Tear's* from sinners eyes:
 Not more than *Thos*, by his sad sacred Theme
 Of *De profundis*, and *Jerusalem*.

XVI. D. M. Godwino, Praelectori Heref.

Vis'n verum? mi Praelector doctissime, vestra
 Lettura est Clero plurima, nulla poplo.

XVII. Mr. Stephano Philips Praelectori
 Electo, Paulo ante urbem
 captum. 1645.

Ah duos bofies! tua quod *Facundia* mollis,
 Quam vota expofciat noſtra, reclusa fuit.

XVIII. To Mr. John Beale.

You that have read *Socinus, Crellius,*
 And the Interpreter *Volkelius,*
 Yet to the *English Church* have giv'n your name,
 Led by a discreet *judgements*; not by fame,
 Or 'cause you knew no other, from your Youth
 Bred up in this: They that embrace the *Truth*,
 On such *weak Grounds*, are still in *error*: Friend,
 I call you without scruple, without end:
 Nor will I care for their *unlearned* mocks,
 That, beside *Calvin*, think nought *Orthodox*.
 I mention Him not for dishonour, but
 I think *all* Truth was not in *one* braine shut.

XIX. To the religious pair of widows *Mrs.*
P. Green, and Mrs. M. Russel, with
the La. Falklands life.

I Know, when you have once perufed it,
 You must confess the Book a *present* fit.
 This *Lady* was compos'd of *Alms* and *Pray'r* ;
 You live in Imitation of Her.
 Truly Religious, yet was she *timorous* too:
 In this is no disparity: so are *you*.
 By advise of Holy men, she still o'recame
 Her *fears* and *scruples*: Doe not you the same?
 She dyed with *comfort*, partakes *heavendy* *joy*:
 That you may do so too, at last, I pray.

XX. To Dr. Warren, with return
of his Henry. VIII.

THE Book you lent, writ by Cherbery's Lord,
Much satisfaction did me afford :
I now am more in love with that brave Prince,
Since we receiv'd this true Intelligence.
This Author gives, not the reports of Fame,
But the Records. Therefore record his Name.
All Pamphlets that have blurd this King, are not,
Compar'd to this Work, worth an old Harry great.

XXI. An Apology, for naming some Honourable and Reverend persons, in his verses.

BUT, now I think on't, I'll make no excuse,
For that some honourable names I use
In my poor Rimes. 'Tis a small fault, in an Age,
So many Great Ones are hist off the Stage.
People are bold : yet presume would not I,
To name them, but in honor to their Memory.

XXII. Upon a new Book of justification,
promised by my L. C.

ADAM, you promis'd, and I did believe,
After y'had read the Book, you would it give.
I heard you left it for me : and I doe,
With a most easy Faith, believe that too.
It met with some deceitfull hand, I fear,
His faith will never justify, I'll swear.

XXIII. Upon

XXIII. Upon Verses made in his sleep.

ME thought, I said, *They are very well, and so !*
They shall continue. Then I wak't, and, O !
 I cry'd *They vanish ! where d'ye take your flight ?*
Stay ! Now I have them. Now th' are out of sight.
 A while they doe thus on my *Fancy wave :*
 A piecee or two, but now ; now, none I have.
Waking, I never shall recover them. Once more
 I'll sleep : They'll come, as they did come before.

XXIV. Upon Zuinglius.
è Thuani Elogiis.

Zuinglius was slain i'th' *Front,* my Author saith ;
 A stout Defender of Reformed Faith.
 God took his *soule :* His *Body,* th' enemies Irc
 Consumed, as *heretickall,* with fire ;
 All, but his *Heart.* His *bearty Faith,* his name,
 And pious Memory, dye not in the flame.

XXV. Upon Luther. ex codem.

HE dy'd not horribly, as the *Papists* say ;
 But, in a quiet manner, went away
 To a better lite : And, but the Night before,
 To his friend *Julius Fomes,* and some more,
 D. scours'd of life eternal ! Where, saith He,
 I nothing doubt, again I shall you see.
 Being dead, Two Princes for his *Body* strave,
 And carryed him with honour to the Grave.

XXVI. *On the Snow, on Newyears day.*

Sure the celestiall *Swan*, to make a *Feast*,
 Is pluck't this Morne, for *Jupiter* and the rest
 Of's company. None of the *flesh* is meant
 For us ; only he hath the *Feather* sent.
 Good *Omen* ! though the *Token* be but *light* :
 The following *year* shall not be *black*, but *white*.

XXVII. *To Mr. Tho: Williams,
at the Temple.*

Si, if my *Muse* come 'fore the *Term*'s begun,
 And can get leave of *Cook* and *Littleton*,
 To speak with you, but a few minutes, know,
 Here are in *Cotswold*, those that think on *you*.
 And so we shall, as long as *air*, we draw,
 'Cause in our *Cases*, you give us the *Law*.

XXVIII. *To Mr. Ant: Stratford.*

You, who are ready, both to *goe*, and *ride* ;
 And *speak*, and *doe* for me ; I must not hide,
 Nor your *Love*, nor my *Gratitude* ; but here
 I *fix* it, though but in a little *sphere*.

XXIX. *M. Georgio Stratford
T. B. CCC.*

*S*i forte *Oxonie* *Musam* *Tu* *videris alma*
Errantem, *hospitio* *suscipe*, *Amice*, *tuo*.

Antribus

*Auribus indigna est vestris? Ignoscite; nostra
(Non vobis) pueri rustica Musa canit.*

XXX. Mr. R. Samafio, CCC.

*Quando immemor fui, Tu meministi mei;
Et me suavis alioquin tenuisti Tuo:
Ipsa igitur immemor, mi Samafio, Tui
Non sum, Mei nunc memor; at nec vivens ero.*

XXX. To Mr. Fra. Thorne.

*C*Osin, I thanke you, you did send to Me,
Shoulder and Umbles fat, the Keepers Pee:
That I who daily live by my Lords meat,
Might sometime some of Sudeley Venson eat.
One favour more I pray doe not deny,
Now 'tis well bak'd, come and take part o'th' pye.

XXXII. To Mr. Tho. Bridges.

*S*Ir, in your last sweet Letter, you did tell,
My Lady hath been ill. Whence, She is well,
By an easy Figure I collect, and pray,
At due time, she an Heir, and with him joy,
May bring her noble Lord, and Ours. But then
You goe on, and are pleas'd to say, My pen
You honour. So you doe indeed, when thus,
Out of your Courteſie, you Answer us.

I wish, such praise to my poor pen were due,
That it might worthy be, to serve and honour you.
Your Book shall be return'd which you sent white,
Blow'd with some Notes, sc'ing you force me to write.

XXXIII. To Mr. Powell for the fair
wax-light he sent me.

A Welcome token ! Since, in the Holy Quire,
I fill'd one Stall, at the harmonious Prayr,
I have not seen the like. This I shall use,
Not for to fire my pipe, nor yet to choose
My morsels. But, when, like the laboring Bee,
I view my learned Autho's, and would see
To gather Honey from them, then your wax
Shall gild my silent Night. Now, lest you tax
Me for ungratetfull, I this paper write,
A light requitall, for your better light.

XXXIV. To Mrs. Susanna Charlton, On
the death of her Mother, May, 23. 1649.

THE sun was at his Rise, and did begin
To gild the earth, when that pure soule, kept in
Her mortall case by Nights cold hand, her strength
Put forth, and raising up her self at leng' h
Took flight to heav'n : Heav'n, a far fitter place
For soules indued with *celestial* Grace.
And will you weep, now she is happy ? will
You envy heav'n that new-come star ? and still
Deject your mournfull eye to earth, as if
There were no other but this *dying life* !
But you have lost her Company : You know
A way to find her out again, and so
Revise your *Conversation*. 'Tis this ;
Let your *Thoughts* dwell in heav'n for there she is.

XXXV. To

XXXV. To Mr. William Burton,
upon his Clemens Rom.

Will, I receiv'd the Title of your Book,
And for the Book it self I long did look.
Why sent you 't not? Unless you think indeed,
That I, not Books, but only Titles read.
Well, though I purchas'd it, at a dead lift,
For mony, I will set it down, Thy Gift.
And, for *Names* sake, though he a *Bishop* be,
Yet I will much esteem him, and for *Thee*.

XXXVI. In morte Gulielmi Frattis.

Cum adeo (quæris) libet indulgere dolori?
Est mortuus uno funere Frater-Pater.

XXXVII. Grotius de verit. Relig. Englished.
To John and Richard Hows,

Off'ns, I will deale plainly, some doe say;
Because they are so loth their *Tub* to pay,
Our *Yeomen* sure think not *Religion* true:
(Although this *crime* I don't impute to you:)
This Book, though written in a higher strain,
Than what they use to read, doth not disdain
It self to offer to their *rougher* hands
Entreating *gentle* usage; and commands,
By strong *st* Reasons, They henceforth believe
There is a *God*, and so no longer grieve
His servants, and deny their *old* Rewards;
Theinselves shall gain by it: if they cast their cards
Rightly

Rightly ; *Gaine*, what they love with all their heart,
Good Harvests, when the *Paeson* hath his *part*

XXXVIII. To a Gentlewoman, with
Dr. Featly's Handmaid.

A *Handmaid* I present to wait on you :
 Accept her to your service ; and with true
 Devotion serve your God. His service is
 Our freedome : His Reward will be our blisse.
 Your piety hath a present fit : If small ;
 Know, He that sent you *This*, would give you *All*.

XXXIX. Of Beauty.

IN love, if I doe rightly measure it,
 That is most beautefull that is most fit.
 Why else would lusty *Jack*, 'fore every one
 Of the fair Ladies, prefer homely *Jane* ?

XL. Upon Dido.
Ausonii.

In felix Dido, nulli bene nupia marito !
Hoc perenne fugis, hoc fugiente peris.

Wife, twice unhappy in thy *Genial Bed* !
 Thou fled'st when one dy'd : Dyd'st when th' other fled.

XLI. Upon

XLI. Upon the Histories of the
late Wars.

As the Armies did against each other fight ;
Even so doe our moderne Historians write :
Each for his side. The Stationer says, Buy both :
Compare them, and you may pick out the Truth.

XLII. To Mr. Savage.

Sir, Though your Name be noble, yet your parts
Make you more noble, Your ingenious Arts,
Your piety, your liberality,
And (though now private) Hospitality.
Before the late Decay, (if that I can
Judge right) such was the English Gentleman.

XLIII. To Mr. Edward Carew.

I Think upon, what once I heard you tell,
Your new borne Daughter was so extremely well
Compos'd and featur'd, that you ne'r did spy
So pure a Beauty wi' your impartial eye.
But then, you said, within a little space,
Was lost and vaniht that exceeding Grace.
That Grace, Sir, is not lost : It is retir'd :
An' dill appear again, when She's a Bride.

Yet if we this observe, 'tis very Right :
No credit's to be given at first sight.

XLIV. To Squire Higford, upon his
Grandfathers Book.

THE English Gentleman, and the Compleat,
I have read long since, but this Book, of your great
And learned Father, doth surpass them all;
We justly may, Him the Grand-Father call.
Precepts, which be so learnedly doth give,
And lovingly, How can you choose but live!

XLV. The wolf and the Lamb.
Phædri.

Ad rivum eundem lupus & Agnus venerant,
Sic compulsi: superior stabat lupus,
Longeque inferior Agnus. Tunc sauce improba
Latro incruatus iurgiu causam intulit.
cur, inquit, turbulentam fecisti mihi
Aquam bibentis? Laniger contra timens;
Quis possum, queso, sicere quod quereris, Lupo?
A te decurrit ad meus baustus liquor.
Repulsus ille veritatis viribus,
Ante hos sex menses, ait, maledixisti mihi.
Respondit Agnus: Evidem natus non eram.
Pater berle tuus, inquit, maledixit mihi.
Atque ita corruptum lacerat iusta nece.
,, Hæc propter illas scripta est homines fabula,
,, Quis fictis causis innocentes opprimunt.

Upon a time, to one fair stream,
The ravenous Wolf, and soft Lamb came;
Both thirsty. The Wolf, he drank there
Above; below, the Lamb drank here.

But when the Thief with's greedy eye
 The trembling Wool-bearer did spy :
 Thou art, saith he, in danger brought,
 Because thou hast disturb'd my draught.
 He answers meekly ; How can't be ?
 I drink at distance as you see.

It was so evident, that thence
 The Wolf goes, and seeks new pretence.

You did revile me with your Tongue
 Six months agoe. 'Las ! not so long
 Have I liv'd yet. Then 'twas your Darn :
 And so devours the silly Lamb.

„ Thus Men, when they oppress by might
 „ Doe never want pretended Right.

XLVI. *The Fox to a head of Plaster.*

Phædri.

Personam Tragicam forte vulpes videbat :
 O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet !
 „ Hoc illis dictum, quibus honorem & gloriam
 „ Fortuna tribuit, sensum communem abstulit.

It is a very handsome face and head, that's plain,
 The Fox said : But where, O where is the brain !
 „ Outward Adornment is not it ;
 „ When within is wanting wit.

XLVII. *To Mrs. Abigail Stratford.*

I Once thought it had only a *fall* been,
 That Maids are marriageable at fourteen.

But

But now I see 'tis *Truth*. You don't begin,
 Till *July* next, your *fifteenth* yeer : yet in
 Your person we see *fitnessse*. Not to seek
 Your praises from the *Latine*, or the *Greek*,
 Or th' *Arts* your *Father* taught : you are grown tall,
 As is your gentle *Mother* ; and withall,
 From her assiduous *Exemplar*, You
 Discretion have to govern the *House* too.
Phæbus, at your last *walk*, when he well ey'd
 Your person, said, *I bat Virgin's like a Bride.*

My Muse had done : I w^tht, she had forborn
 Your cheek blush't, fair as is the *Roly* morn.

XLVIII. D. Doctori Skynner.
 Cancell. Heref.

Qui toties mensa es, toties dignatus amicis
Hunc hominem dicitis ; Nemo aliis quoties :
Abfit, ut eximum patiar vanescere Nomen,
Aut longe distans immemor esse Tuis.
Inter Amicorum tot nomina (ni grave) Nomen
Tu patere, ut proster, Doctor amice, Tuum.

XLIX. D. D. Wright
 Doct. Medico.

Non adeo nostram obscurant obliuia memem,
Quin memini quantum debeo, Amice, tibi.
Debedo, sed non sum solvendo. Forst'an olim
Rem dedero, nunc jam non nisi verba dabo.

Non ubi terrarum legis, Ingeniose Jamesi,
Scio : attamen Te esse in libris meis scias.
Postremus quanquam legeris Tu carmine nostro;
Audi Amicorum non postremus tamen.

Vpon the new-Printing.

This Print's so fair and bright, in th' others stead,
The Letter now invites and crys, Come, read.
My little Boys are sotane with't, that They
Printers will be and Stationers, they say.
I bid them, be good Scholars : To write well,
Is better, than either to Print or Sell.

Conclusion.

Johnson and Fletcher ! Davenant and the rest !
Why have you so my Fantasy possest,
That I can't chuse but passe away in Rime,
What I must give a strict account for, Time ?
what should I doe ? My Head ak't and about
To break, hath much ease gotten, now 'tis Out.
Now I am sic, being freea from this short paine,
To translate the wisc Grotius againe.

JAN. II.

THE END.

THE
COTSWOLD
MUSE.

III. Part.

TERENT.

*Homine imperio nunquam quicquam injutius :
Qui nisi quod ipse facit, nil rectum putat.*

An empty fellow, puffed up with conceit,
Beside his own, thinks no mans Verse is sweet.

LONDON,
Printed for F. A. at Worcester.

1651.



The Dedication of the Third Part.

To my Nephew J. B.

THE care thy Father once bestow'd on Me,
I very gladly would return to Thee.
What I to Thee (thus love in a blood runs)
Doe thou communicate unto my Sons.
I have no land to give, such is my Chance :
Take this Poeticall inheritance.
A little here is best : because much more
Of Poetry, perhaps would make you poore.

“

F

V

A

E

C

P

G

E

I

G

E

V

L

U

S

L

C

A

D

E

S

A

N

R



THIRD PART.

I. Lupus ad Canem.

„ *Quād dulcī sit libertas breviter proloquor.*
Canī perpastō, macie confectūs Lupus
Forte occurrit : salutantes dein invicem
Vi restiterunt ; Unde sic quāsō nites,
Aut quo cibo fecisti tantum corporis ?
Ego qui sum longe fortior, pereo fame.
Canis simpliciter : Eadem condīcio est tibi,
Prēstare domino si par officīum potes.
Quod ? inquit ille. Custos ut sis liminis,
A suribus tuearis & noctū domum.
Ego verò sum paratus : nunc patior nives,
Imbresque, in sylvis asperam viam trabens :
Quāno est facilius mīhi sub tectō vivere,
Et ociosum largo satiari cibo ?
Venī ergo mecum. Dum procedunt, aspicit
Lupus à catena collum detritum Canis.
Unde hoc, amīce ? Nihil est. Dic quāsō tamen.
Quia videor acer, alligant me interdū,
Luce ut quiescam, & vigiliū noctū quum veneris ;
Crepusculo solutus, qua visum est vagor.
Adfertur ultro panis, de mensa sua
Dat ossa dominus, frusta jactū familia,
Et quod fastidit quisque pulmentarū :
Sic sine labore venier impletur mens.
Age, si quo est abire aximus, est licentia ?
Non plane est, inquit. Fruere, que laudas Canis.
Regnare nolo, liber ut non sum mīhi.

The Wolf to the Mastif.
c Phædro. 3.

“ **H**ere you shall briefly see,
“ How sweet is Liberty.”

THE starved Wolf a full fed-Mastif met.
After salute, the Wolf said, Where dost get
Such flesh about thee ? I that have more might,
And bite more sharply, am thus hunger bit.
Thou shalt be welcome Wolf (he doth reply)
And fare, if thou canst serve, as well as I.
What service ? Keep the dore sate : and by night
With thy loud barking put the Thieves to flight.
Content : now in the snow, rain, woods I live,
‘Tis far more easy sure with thee to thrive,
Lye idle, and i’th’ dry. Then come away.
He spies his neck worn with the Coller: Pray
How came this ? It is nothing. Pr thee tell.
Cause I am fierce, by day they chain me well :
And in my kennel let me take mine ease :
In the evening loose I wander where I please:
I wait at Table, and have many a bone
And meat too from my Master. Every one
Casteth to me, what’s on his Trencher left :
So I grow fat, without or pains or theft.
Thats good. But cann’t you go when, where you will?
No, by no means. Then Mastif take thy fill.
I for my part would not a Kingdome have
(I’m sorry for thee) to be such a slave.

II. To Mr. Ro. Scudamore.

Think not, I only prattle with my *Music*:
Sometime I draw *Pitiscus Hypotenuse*:
Sometime I fathom the deep *Stagyrite*:
Sometime I read *Historians* that write
Of States and Princes, and their bloody Wars,
And am, methinks, embroyle'd in their jars.
But, where the *Golden letter* is, that day,
Scripture I read alone, and *preach and pray*.

III. To L. Hedworth.

WOuld I had broke my shins, 'fore I had gone
Thither (*men use to say*) or That had done!
When you came with your souldiers to posseſſe
The castle Sir, In courtesy, I confess,
To lodge by *Poynants* tow' r, I brought you at night,
(Befrew the wench that brought me not more light)
I say not whether I well or ill did doe,
But sure I broke my shins, and did it too.

III. Upon Mr. William Lawes.

To Mr. Will. Brode.

HE that made Music for a Prince's eare,
Compos'd by nature for the pen, not spear;
Whose hand nor voice had never made a jar,
Breath'd out his last note in this fatali War.
Farewell sweet will: since thou our chief didſt dye,
We have no Music now, but *Elegy*.

V. Upon Mr. Henry Lawes.
To Mr. Jo. Philips.

Any, if ever Brothers did agree,
Thou and thine did most harmoniously.
You have so excellently done your parts,
Y' have won all that delight in the sweet Arts.
And, we o'th' Quire praise you the more for this,
Because your well-set Music sacred is.
Wee'l make much of your Works ; for who shall see,
In after-times, two such as *Will* and *Thee* ?

The Ghost of *Sandys* in *Elizium* longs
To have his joy encreas'd by *Hu-Yous Songs*.

VI. Upon Beggers lodg'd in the
Col. Heref. 1645.
To Col. B.

Sir, we are not so bold to fight with God,
But meekly do submit unto his Rod.
Yet we may aske, why thus you doe give leave,
The nasty Beggers should our Chambers have.
Doe strangers spoil's for Incivility ?
All strangers drunk of our Humanity.
Doe th' poor possellie *All*, 'cause we did not give
Due *Alms* ? poor people we did still believe.
D' ye mean, because you think that we want grace,
To turn us out into the Beggers place,
As they'r in Ours ? What ev' tis, we'v got Hence :
Religion hath taught us patience.

VII. Upon the taking of Hereford, Decem. 1645.
To Col. James Wroughton.

Why don't they break the Ice ? I heard you say,
The night that did precede that fatal day:
(The day when the stout Judge was Prisoner, and
So many Knights and Gallants, at command
Of staru'd Soldiers, their Gold delivered) when
The faithfull Town was sold to Morgan's Men,
And plunder'd Norman cryd out, It had not
Been worse, if we had yielded to the Scot.
'Twas well; they did not break the Ice. For why ?
Sir, you remember, who scap't ore the Hy.

VIII. To bald Men.
Phædri. 5.

Invit calvus forlè in trivio peccinem :
Accessit aliter aque defictus pitis :
Heja, inquit, Est communis quodcumque est lucris.
Ostendit ille prædam & adjecte sumit :
Superum voluntas fuit, sed fato invido ;
Carbonem, ut aiunt, pro thesauro invenimus.
,, Quem spes delusit, bruc querella convenit.

By th' way, a certain Man, who had no haire,
A Comb took up. Another tull as bare
Seeing H'ad found something, cryes out Half a min.
I'm willing, said the first, Half should be thine :
But neither of us can make use of this ;
(A coal for treasure) bad our good luck is.
,, So may every one complain,
,, That's disappointed of his gain.

IX. To his Friends omitted.

YOU aske me, why I doe ~~your~~ Names forbear?
 Others doe qua- ell 'cause their Names are here,
 These only on my too much love complain:
 You I'l remember, when I write again.

To the Printer.

I Pray, take care; Th' *Erratas* are now
 I'th' Book it self, although you Print it true.

XI. Ad Guil. Turrium T. B.

TE dono docte *Veribus Turri* meis :
 Non ut premantu*tristi* censu*ra* iba;
 Sed ut legantur Domine Heydon*liberis*,
 Quos Tu gubernas mites, & mili manu.
 Tu maximo (ns grave) me commendatum habe,
 Meo Roberto pridem Auditor*is*, precor.
 Sic Tu tuorum compos *votorum* fies,
 Si nunc libenter huic voto faves meo.
 Audis? Amicum quando vacabit vis*er*?
 Nam nemo crit Barksdal*o gratias* Tuo.
 Exorcule, si placeat, nunties me,
 Quam plurimam salutem à me, ac etiam mea.

XII. Mr. Freeman, Theologo Seni.

Quoniam dolebam nescis, quando aures meas
 Pulsau*ille* rumor, Hominem perdim*um*,
 Quem nescio, calca*se* pedibus suis
 Sarem verendum, sedasse & canos tuos.

Plammis piandum scelus ulericibus ! Vides,
 Que Tempora (heu !) Clerum nunc venant impotens
 Qui Te modis indignis traxit Scenam,
 credo, tremuisset ad tua verba Juvenis.
 Quid debeas, novimus, ingenio libero :
 Vicinque l'ider, posthabit'is illis, mane.
 Nec anxius mentis, queso, nimium fies,
 Quod rustici Te Decimis defraudant Tuis.
 Qui pascit omnis, & Vidae anxie Oleum,
 Qui nec volucres unquam destituit cibo ;
 Noli timere ; Familiam pascet Tuam :
 Noto timere ; Familiam pascet Meam.

XIII. In Phædri Rigaltiæ editionem Novam.

Quis Aulicus hic ueste recenti ambulans ?
 Quos ore melleo pulcros fundit jocos ?
 Que miscet utilissima, & peridonea
 Praecepta vita ? Agnosco nunc Phædrum Meum.
 I Phædrie, & osculetur omnis Te Puer :
 Omnisque Libros facundos terat Schola ;
 Omnisque grates Slatero reddat Schola.

XIV. Oleum non deficit I Reg. 4.

Thou hast Gods blessing. Powr out still. The Oyl,
 Till thou shalt cease to powr, will never faile.
 So doth the Poet and the Preacher spend
 A little stock : and it grows without end.

(60)

XV. Ad Mr. Collierum.

M I Colliere, si facundiâ tua
Sim præditus, Candorem nunc laudem tuum,
Nec non Amorem in hunc hominem, quem Tu libens
Amplexus es, latasque aperuisti sores
Optatæ Amicitiae : quam perpetuò colam,
Et propagabo ad natos, si potero, meos.
Tu vive longum, pelle nec Musam foras ;
Namque illa non molesta, si uacas, erit.

XVI. Ad Mr. Palmerum.

PAlnere, namen si excidat Musæ tuum,
Si sape non ego Te recolam animo meo ;
Tunc excidat mibi penitus nomen meum :
Musam benigna Hallinga nec recolat suam.
Si fortè sacris non studes concionibus,
Tibi bos Amoris Versus texun' giv' habe.

XVII. To Mris. Eliz. Williams,
for Dr. Taylors Rule.

YOur Book imprinted and bound by *Fane Ash*
So finely well, hath giv'n me, not a *flash*
But fire from th' Altar. It will spoil the Sale
Of Handmaid, Practice, Crums, and Posies all.
Taylor, by's Samplar, and this Rule to live,
Is Master of Devotion Unitive.
Adde to this Doctor Him that of Conscience wrat,
Th' are fit all Christendome to regulate.
Thus I my Debt to you doe raise,
While your fine gift I daly praise.

XVIII.

XVIII. Upon Dr. Hammonds works.
To Mr. John Beale.

The first came to our hands was *Conscience*,
And of *Resistance*: whose great excellencē
So took, that you perswaded us in *wales*,
No man could write such things but only *Hales*:
And you remember *Stedman*, on his name,
Wrote the word *Selah*, for an *Anagram*.
The genuine Author's not long hid: Out comes
At last his learned Works in two fair Tomes,
And (which is much) they truly printed were,
By th' care and cost of a *Ray*—Stationer.
How shall I honour with deserved praise,
The Defence of noble *Falkland*, or the *Keys*?
His Tracts of *wil-worship* and *Superstition*,
Scandal, *Idolatry*, and *Admonition*?
I know you prize his *Catechisme* alone,
Above great *Calvins Institution*.
And for his *Sermons*, I cann't tell you whether
I would read *Chrysostom*'s or *Hammonds* rather.
Take this from me, read it with favour, then
Finish th' *Elogium* with your stronger Pen.

XIX. Jo. Warrenq suo LL. Doctori.

VERsus agrestes nunc Tibi mitto meos,
Absentia ut veniam mibi libenter dares.
Videbis ipsum me, cum longior dies;
Atque interim non immemor vivam Thū.
Ridere paulum, Warrenē, si vis, Te vole:
Nonque esse ego non optimum Civem puto,
Ridere multum tempore quis tali potest.

XX. V. Cl. Herberto Crofto.
D. H.

Tu quā peritissimus es doctarum Artium,
Et Fauor, & (meministi?) Patronus mens,
Dignare Carmina bac, que scribuntur Tibi
Rudi Minerva, noscere ac ignoscere.
O quando verba audire ex ore melleo,
Tuque Crofto licebit aff ta frus!

Ne sperne, queso Amiculi munusculum:
Is plura debet, paucula hac qui nunc dedit,
Quod deesse novit, voto supplebit pio;
Tuque & sorores suaves virtutis diu!

XXI. To D. Rogers C. R.

YOU doe remember Sir, after that last
And fatall Nauby Field, you kepte a Fast.
And in your eloquent Sermon, you were wroth,
The Souldier stole Letter-Communion-Cloth.
Therefore He fled. But pray, Sir, doe not some
Despoile whole Churches and yet overcome?
Scots, I confess, that once did Hereford guard,
Stole my Church-cup, were buried i'th' Church-yard.

XXII. To Dr. Higs D. L. upon
L. Verulams Motto.

YOU told me Sir, you did a long time look
To please your Curiosity, out of what Book,
The Philosophic Lord, that so fam'd was,
Had tane his *Viderit Vitis*.

You turn'd many Volumes in each part ;
 At length you found it. Where ? In Ovid's Art.
 Let P. oft see to it self, the Poet cryes ;
 What e'r come, I'll pursue my ente prize.
 Great *Verulam* also car'd not what he lost,
 That in's Experiment he might not be crost.
 At last grown poor *Hesiaq* My Sovereign, give ?
 I've liv'd to flattery not studid how to live ?

XXIII. To D. Critton, C.R.

You quarter'd with me, but did seldom eare,
 U. leslie from Court they brought you your own meat.
 'Twas rosted well and cleanly at my hirth,
 The sawce your self made with your learned mirth.
 To quarter you, what Scholar would not seek,
 Who so abound in Latine and in Greek ?
 Think on your Landlord, pray Sir, by this hint,
 When you your M.S. long much-expected Print.

XXIII. Upon the Death of B. Prideaux.

NO time else, to vote *Eisbops* down, but when
 We had i'th' *Throate* such eminent and good Men ;
 Laud (give leave to name him first for St. John :)
 Great Treasurer, the Great King's Confessor *Jesus*,
How'l, *Tours*, *Frew'n*, *Dupp'*, *Hall*, *Prid'aux*. 'Twas no
 Decreed, Episcopacy should goe out (doubt,
 Like the Holy Lamp. When it had burnt enough,
 It was extinct, but dy'd not in a snuffe.
Prideaux his Mem'ry lives in the *Oxford* chair,
 More than at *Wester*. Where he begat so fair

A Progeny of Divines, that (as they say)
 A hundred of his *sons* did meet that day,
 To th' *Fathers* he was gather'd, There was One
 Preacht a sad Sermon in harmonious tone,
 Another made the Oration, and all gave
 Him Reverence, as he pass'd to his Grave.
 Hospitall *Bredon* doth his Corps confine :
 His Learning over all the Land will shine.
Exeter and all *Oxford*, when for Fame
 They will dispute, shall revive *Prideaux* Name,
 And though the *Bishop's* dead, *The Doctor* will
 Survive in his *laborious Lectures* still.

XXV. Cancer occultus.

There is amongst humane Diseases one,
Cancer occultus, the Physicians call it,
 Whose safest *Cure* is to be let alone,
 Lest a more grievous malady befall it.
 If we may judge by the actions of late,
 The same is sometime verifed in the State.

XXVI. Upon Dr. Kery and his wife.

One love conjoind them in the nuptiall Bed :
 One charity with alms poor people fed :
 One day (both very aged) cut their *thred* :
 One grave keeps them together *buried*.

XXVII. Priscinius Vapulans Fristlum.

Upon Vossius de Arte Gram.

When Priscius Head was broke by Quiddities;

And by Scotisticall Rascities,

And the poor Pedant's spirits were almost spent,

Erasmus Books reliev'd him with their sent,

If he be hurt again in any part,

Now let him only smell to Vossy's art.

XXVIII. Upon Mr. Shirley's Gram.

Anglo. Lat.

The Child that would learn Latine very early,

Let him, at first, acquaintance get with Shirley.

He will allay the sedicentious of School,

In sweetest Verse composing every Rule,

Thanks learned Shirley for the ingenious painde.

Thou shalt have place 'fore Forsey and Dantis,

This is so good, I prithee let's have all,

And hasten 'other art Poeticall.

We are in hope, that we shall quickly see't

Because it push upon such nimble Feet.

XXIX. An English Library.

To R. Sackvill.

Sir, you're my Scholar, and desye that I will now say,

Should choose you out an English Library,

Nor that you doe despise Latine or Greek, ye do no such

But Knowledge also in your own Tongue seek. To

Too many Books distract the mind : a dozen
 Are worth a Hundred, if they be well chosen.
 I commend *Thee* to you, not that I wo'd
 Disparage others : They may be as good.
 First *Hammond's Catechism*, if to guide your life,
 You'l read *Divinity*, and not for strife.
 With whom (sending disputes to the Schoole)
 Joyn *Taylors Sampler* *Jesus*, and *His Rule*.
 That Ancient Worthies footsteps you may tread,
 The Generall History of *Religion* read :
 In speciall, your own Countrys actions make
 Your study, where *Camden* and *Baker* take.
 That you may raise such Observation,
 Peruse the Aphorisms of *Dabington*.
 Church-story, when she was pure, when vicious,
 You'l shortly see in my *severe Sulpitius*.
 The Mathematics a noble study be,
 Read *Euclid* Englished by *Doctor Dee*.
 Adde, if you please to be led further on,
Metius and my *Pitiscus*, when th'are done.
 The Globes admired use, I'd have you know ;
 And that the learned *Gregory* will show.
 For *Morall* precepts to your *Seruants* soon
 The Author adde, Of *wisdom* writes, *Cheron*.
 When weary you throw the Graver *P* of away
 Refresh your sp[irit]es with witty *Fletcher*. play :
 Sometimes run ore the books of modern news,
 And doe not scorne the *Verse* of my plain *Music*.
 But now, because among all care, but *One*
 Is needfull, I'l end with *Religion*.
 The *Bible* is God's book. Like *Burroughes*,
 Read, every day the *Gospel* on your knee.
 To give you light in places dubious,
 I doe prepare some *Notes* of *Grotius*.
 That you may not be abus'd by *Schismatics*,
 Read *Hookers* *Clesiastic Poetics*.

You'll know the Rights both of the Church and State,
By studying *Gratianus*, whom I translate.

'To other rare piece, *De veritate*, can

'Gainst Jew, Turk, Pagan prove Truth Christian
And, though 'tis hard to allow it in his sense,
Read Doctor *Hackett* of Gods providence.

When you have read these Authors, for the rest,
I leave you to your self, to choose what's best.
This precept, pray take from me for a Close,
Conser, and what you read you will ne'r lose.

XXX. Cuidam.

YOUR Man ask't, whether I did Preach next day,

At Sudley-Chamber. It was answer'd Ay.

I came in time and Pracht: You absent were:

Did you aske, when? That you might not be there?

XXXI. Upon a Brother of his.

I Doe confess my Fortune is but low,

Yet I was willing freely to bestow

A Gift upon a Brother, 'twas a Boy;

That wants no form, nor wit, a. his friends say;

I wrote so twice: but He no answer gave,

Thinking perhaps I doe not give, but crave.

XXXII. To old Mr. Tho. Hacket.

YOU did not only doe well for your Son,

But when the Glassc of's too short life was run,

You took his Orhhan-Children to your care;

And thus you truly the GRAND-Father are

Now since your loved Sons my pupils be,
 Sure you have some Relation unto Me.
 Among your Relatives, if in your will
 I should be one, who'l say you did doe ill?
 You'l doe what ne'r was done before; for I
 In all my life ne'r yet had Legacy.

XXXII. Chr. Merretto suo, Doct. Med.

*I*n gratius esset, si non bene merito darem,
 Quod otium peperit nostrum; cum Tu milde
 Industriae ingenui soleas partua emi.
 Denare promptus. Queso non agre feras,
 Toc nomina inter, & Tuum Nomen legi.
 Sic tua perita semper sit felix manus;
 Et Phobus habas porrigit latens feras;
 Ut tu favere ampe uoles Musis meis.

XXXIII. Upon Lividus and Candidus. To the Stationers.

MY verses Livid in the worst sense takes;
 Candid of all a fair Construction makes.
 This is the cause, my verse to th' One is good,
 To th' other bad: just as I'm understood.
 Thus doe all Books higher or lower stand,
 Plac'd by the Reader's, not the Writer's hand.
 And wise, as it finds favour in his eys,
 You'll sell, my friends, at more or at lesse pricer.

THE END.

THE COTSWOLD MUSE.

IV. Part.

M A R T I A L.

Cum tua non edas, carpis mea Carmina Lati;
Carpere vel noli Nostra, vel ede Tua.

Thou seest out none, but sayst my Verse is nought :
Carp nor, or tell me where Thine's to be bought.

LONDON,
Printed for F. A. at Worcester.

1651.

THE
LITERARY
EDITION

1861

1861



The Dedication of the Fourth Part.

*To my Noble Friend.
Mr. Tho. Bridges.*

MY *Muse* is now in four parts. Would they
were writ,
With full as much dexterity and wit,
As *Harry* and *Will Lawes* did once compose,
Or you, my sweetest friend, can write in prose.

Yet, Though my *Muse* be not urbane, but rough :
As *Cotswold* folks, you know, are hard and tough :
At stately *Harvell*, when you doe her meet,
You'l bring her in, to kisse *The Ladies* feet.

P

A
W
A
S
O
F
A
A
W
W



FOURTH PART.

I. To Mr. D. W.

*Peer, as Fiddler, when he once begins,
Will never leave, untill you cut his strings.*

II. To Sir W. C. of Gla.

*A*fter a chilling blast took me elsewhere,
My little family is replanted here,
Whom *CHANDOS* noble bounty now maintains;
And by *Yours* Government, who hold the reigns
So gently, yet with skill and care, I have
For my innocuous Muse leisure and leave.
She is ambitious now to send you health,
And prepares for you, *Tb' Ebrew Commonwealth*.
Why should not my poor studies honour you?
Where the tree grows, sure there some fruit is due.

To

V. To Mr. Fra. Powell of Ch. Ch.

I Have not seen fair Oxford since that yeer,
 When you the *Replicans Magistr* were ;
 And I with you and Digi, and *Lecturers* rest,
 Far'd better then at *Doctors Evan's* feast.
 Though absent, yet I cannot choose but *love* :
 And now my *Muse* would your *Affection* prove.
 She once drank at your *W. l.* : but now she sings
 Her plainer Notes by the cold *Cotswold* spr ngs.
 With *Courteous* *Auditors* her *song* may peele,
 Though not such as *May's*, *Cartwright's*, *Waring's* was.

VI. That he makes verses after forty.
To Amusius.

F^{re}do's great Master, being past *threescore*,
 The *Music* he neglected had before,
 'Gain *practice*. Pray S^r, wherefore should not I
 At *forty* heare my *Muses* *Melody*.
 I know the *wort* of *Censurers* are *They*
 That drink or drab, 'stead of *ingenious* *play*.

VIII. That he makes verses in sad times.
To Bibax.

ANd this is also laid amongst my *Crimes*,
 That I make *verses* in these mournfull times,
 Why, I can mow'n in *veise* ; and if I *laugh* ;
 'Tis more excusable, then (with thee) to *quaffe*.

VIII. *Quicquid conbat dicere,*

WONder of nature ! Ovid so sweet, so terse,
 Opens his lips, and there leaps out a Verse ;
 When others cannot work out any : yet
 Their thicker skulls continually they bear.
 They labour, but effect not : whose dull Arts
 Cannot supply ingenious Natures part.

IX. *To Dr. Fuller.*

NOR *Holy War*, nor yet thy *Holy State*,
 Our *Humane Appetite* can satiate :
 But we expect (not vainly) after all,
 Thy *History Ecclesiastical*.
 Some say, 'tis now come out : sure it hath been
 Long promised, and 'tis high time 'twere seen.
 Yet 'twere ingrate to charge Thee with *delay* ;
 Though slow, yet sure, in weighty *Gold* thou'lt pay.
 And this thy Glorious recompence shall bee,
 Fame shall perpetuate thy large Memory.

X. *The saying of a King of France.*

THE King once in a Church a Tomb did see,
 Stately and rich, over an *enemy*,
 An *English Knight*. Sir, said a *courtez* will
 You have it raz'd ; for, it is very ill
 An *En'my* shou'd ly thus. The King said, No :
 Would all mine *Enemies* were buried so.

XI. *On the Death of Sir William Croft,
To Col. Wroughton.*

Both, I have quite forgot the Castle now,
Where Skydmore's Men met such an overthrow.
The wifest are not (as we see of late)
Nor valians't, ever the most fortunate.
But perish may the place, perish the Day,
When Sober CROFT came to so mad a fray.
Name me not suble Bitch or Morgan. There
When Croft was slain they conquer'd Herefordshire.
There was more wit and valour in that One,
And One more, Prisoner, than in All that run.
You were preserv'd a Prisoner, to tell,
How sadly Croft, yet honorably, fell.
Let not the vertuous pair of Sisters heare,
Till the Good Deane his cordials prepare.

XII. *The Defence.
To Mr. Fr. Powel of Ch. Ch.*

A carefull friend told me my Verses doe
Look like Delinquents. Franc, I'll be judg'd by you.
So long as my poor Muse makes no debate,
Nor fancies ought that's dangerous to the State,
Though I'm not bold, yet I no censure fear,
Neither of potent Commoner, nor Peer;
For naming excellent Croft, a Knight, or Dean,
In this or that page of my Verses mean.
One is, the other was, once of such Grace,
That they may look each Reader in the face:
Nor yet for valiant Myn, at Marly dead,
Whose blood that Field alsham'd of looks more red:

Nor

Nor for the hardy Knight, *Lingen*, whom I
Call noble. Vertue's prais'd i'th' enemy.
I'd call him so, did I againe begin ;
And more ; I'd put his *Int'ct* *Lady* in.
(Somewhere I said, *The Presbyter* is new,
But I don't say, his Disciplin's not true :)
Learn'd *Hammon*, devout *Taylor*'s an eye-sore
O that we had twenty such Doctor's more.
Hammon for's *Catechism* and *Tracts*, pray make
Your friend ; and *Taylor*, for his *Jesus* sake.
Prideaux the *Doctor* doth deserve to live,
If pardon to the *Bishop* you'l not give.
Victors of ignorance ! I could live and dye,
In writing your deserved *Elogi*.
Such worthy Persons, both in *Camp* and *Schools*,
Though opposite, are prais'd by all but Fools.
And this my *only* blame is (Truth to tell)
I have not set forth their just praises well.
If this suffice not, then my *Muse* d'ye kicks
I'm not so fond as *Heliodore* of *Triss*.

XIII. Dr. Kery's Counsel.

When for some time (I thankfull make relation)
God gave me up to Satans fly *Temptation* :
He that sav'd many *Souls*, Kery divine,
Was pleas'd aye see me, hoping to save mine.
My Thought ! *my Thought* ! I cryd. Doctor, *my Thought* !
I dare not tell you : it is bideous naught.
The Doctor gravely: *Marke my counsel well* :
And thy bad Thought, with a good Thought excell.
Since that I find, *all Thoughtis best quenched are*,
If, at their Rist, I forthwith fall to Pray'r.

XIV.

XIV. Upon Pompey and his Sons.
Martialis.

S
O
m
p
e
i
e
s
J
u
v
e
n
e
s
A
s
i
a
a
t
q
u
e
s
E
u
b
o
p
a
s
; s
e
d
i
s
p
u
s
m
i
r
u
m
,
t
o
t
o
s
i
s
p
a
r
g
i
t
a
r
o
r
b
e
?
f
a
c
e
r
e
s
u
n
o
n
o
p
o
t
e
r
a
t
t
a
n
a
r
u
n
a
l
o
c
o
.

Europe and Asia have Pompey's Sons: but He
In Asia's bur'ed, if he bur'ed be.
In every part o'th' world dispeſt they dye;
So great a Ruine could not in one part lye.

XV. To Mrs. Stratford.

Y
O
u
f
e
n
t
m
e
M
a
u
l
l
,

because my Brink was small :
You ſend me now fine caps, to hold my Ale.
Your Courteſy runs o're. And, I hope, now
My ſlender Coſwold Muſe will ſtronger grow.
A water-drinking Muſe it flat: but Mine,
Freſht with gooe Ale, will laſt, as thofe with wine.

XVI. Guil. Turrio. cum non
responderet.

Q
V
i
d
?
D
e
ſ
p
i
c
i
ſ
t
u
A
b
i
c
u
l
i
m
u
n
i
s
c
u
l
u
m
?

E
t
i
a
m
ſ
i
s
m
d
i
g
n
u
s
C
o
n
t
u
m
e
l
i
a
;

H
u
m
a
n
i
c
a
t
e
m
n
o
n
d
e
c
e
r
,

T
u
r
r
i
,

t
u
a
m
.

N
o
v
i
f
i
s
m
a
m
r
e
c
i
p
i
o
n
u
c
v
o
c
e
m
,

V
a
l
e
;

XVII. Upon the Death of Mr. William Whear
fellow of Merton on St. Matth. day
Mat. 9. 9.

JesUs DIXIt ei seqVere Me. & seCVtVs
est M.DCXXXIV.

To Mr. Sam. Whear.

In's first degree, He graced *Gloster-Hall*:
In's next, that *Colledge*, that picks out of all,
And addes them to the learned *Magazine*,
By strict and ceremonious *Discipline*.
Often had he, in *Philosophic* fights,
With *Cheynel*, *Nevil*, *wright* past the *black nights*.
Often had he, to th' *Library* confin'd,
Greek *Sbositers* with *Aristotle* joind.
Often, in *Prob'ems* of the *Mathematicks*,
Had he confer'd with *Bainbridge* and with *Enix*.
Fair knowledge, in all sorts of *History*,
He had from his learn'd father, *Degoy*.
Divinity-doubts, when any did propose,
He could with *Reynolds*, *Doughty*, *Cressy* close.
Such mature Progreſſe had He made, that He
(Some thought) would *Baſtī* or *Second Occham* be.
But as his study gave strength to his mind :
So by Consumption his body pind :
While he read *Cbryſtom* : on *St. Matthew's* day,
His *Behaviour* call'd him : *Scholar, come away*.

This I have wrik for you, *Sam*, who survive ;
In whom *Will*, *Charls*, and *John* seem still alive.

XVIII. *To his Wife at last a Nurse.*

After sixe noyse'd by others, youl'd ne'r rest
 Untill the seventh Child drew out your own Brest.
 The seventh some secret vertue has, they say :
 This then, I hope will prove a fortunate Boy.
 And as in this (your Brest being often sore)
 Your labours were ; so will your Joyes be more.
 Children would all be more obedient sure,
 Knew they what pains their Mothers did endure.
 The Proverbs false : Once Nurse, sev'n year the worse
 Best Nurse is Mother ; and best Mother's Nurse.

XIX. *To the Reader.*

Blame not, that every obvious thing I take,
 And on it presently do verses make.
 To me alone a *Consumacy Pitt*,
 The manner of each *Epigrammatist*.
 Thus *Harrington*, thus *Johnson* ; and 'fore all,
 The Poet to be gelded, *Martiall*.

XX. *The prick of a Thorne.*

To E. T.

Never, you did say, my Epigrams will not sell.
 Sure 'tis because (although I writ pretty well)
 They are not *salt* with such *unsavory jests*,
 As make our Country folk so laugh at feasts.
 Your censures I confess went to the Quick,
 And (now at last I'm bold to put in) prick.
 Yet, I had rather my book should, on your stall,
 Lye dead, than once to obscene language fall.

XXI. That poets are rich.

Moorth Randal, I remember well, doth say
 I'lh' Pistle, to a Good, but his Wo'st Play ;
 Among the Arts Poetry hath got a place,
 Upon her purpose t' u'doe all the race.
 Are Poets poore, having such copious Themes ?
 I say, They'r rich : at leaſt in Golden dreames.

XXII. A party 'twixt a Citizen and
Soldier, at Hereford-Siege.

Sept. 1. 1645.

AS at Throckmorton's sconce I went to pray,
 (Pray'r is the Cities best Defence, we say,)
 A Soldier from the Trenches loud did call ;
 Norman the Citizen answered from the wall.
 1. See my bright Sword, Lestly commanded, scout !
 None of you men has, to live, many an hour.
 And then Skeins whet, our lusty wenches will,
 Your women all, and all your barnes to kill.

2. Tame locky, why 'oth' Suddain art so curst ?
 Thou knowst, that hitherto You've had the worst.
 If you can leap our walls, as o're a stile,
 Why have you not assalted all this while ?
 Since you sate down 'tis now allmost five weeks :
 Y'ave little done, but gatherd suburb-hecks.

3. I tell thee sirrah, long afore this we' had comt,
 But by the way we met your leaden plum.

N. Pure lead to send to you, we do not faile:
 But you to us return the lead with naile.
 And, 'gainst the law of nations (sic on it)
 Your lead is poysон'd with your veniuous bit :
 But, thanked be our God, it cannot hit.

J. Upon our pikes we would you quickly tosse,
 Were it not for that reprobate Mountroffe.
 He spoils our country with fire, sword, and speare,
 While we, to little purpose, linger here.

XXIII. Upon his son C. B.

AS I a bed, 'sore day, did verses make,
 My Bedfellow, my little Boy, did wake.
 Father, you write on every thing, said He,
 Let me intreat you, make one Verse for me.
 I presently reply'd (He cann't say black :)
 — Thou 'rt my white Boy, although thy eyes be clack.
 Thou bring'st my Book; my Candle thou dost light ;
 I love thee next unto thy Sister bright.
 If thou wilt learn thy Book, I'll leave to thee,
 Not one verse, Boy, but all my Poetry.

XXIV. The Frogs asked a King.
 Phædri.

ATHENÆ CUM FLORENT AQUIIS LEGIBUS
 PROCAX LIBERTAS, &c. vide Veteratorem

At Athens gentle Lawes had bred,
 Wanton liberty : They took head,
 The reigas being loose, till the most part

Spengib

Strengthend the Tyrant *Pisistrat.*
 They had no sooner undertook,
 But presently complain'd oth' yoke.
 Not that the King was cruel ; but
 'Cause their soft Necks were not us'd to't.
*E*lop beholding this their State,
 This Fable to them did relate.

The Frogs, at freedom, leapt about the lake,
 And laid to *Jupiter* for a King they cr'ke :
 A King to order them with p'werful hand.
*I*ove smil'd, and to the Rafter gave command
 To reign. It fell w th force into the Poole,
 And w th the noise affrighted the poor foolcs.
 The Rafter lay a while all in the mud,
 At length one of the bolder Frogs up stood :
 And seeing the wooden King, did the rest call.
 Their fright being now past, out they marched all,
 Insulting o're the Ratter with much scorn.
*I*ove give's a better King, or wee' forlorn.
 The Serpent, *Jupiter* ith' next place sent ;
 Who with sharptooth them all to pieces rent.
 Some few escape by flight, but dare not speak :
 By *Mercury* they send to *Iove* to wreak
 Their Cause. his Answer they receiv'd from God :
You woul'd not bear your Peace, now beare your Rod.
 And ye my Country-men, be Content, for fear
 You be in inforc'd some greater harm to bear.

XXV. Upon D. Taylors Funeral Sermon.
 To Mr. Savage.

*H*aving receiv'd your Sermon, I fell to 't,
 And stirr'd not out of the place one foot,

Til I had with intentive eye survey'd
 All the celestial *Treasures* there are laid.
 There is express't, how short is every Breath ;
 And what the *Souls* estate is after death ;
 What the Felicity of the *Saints* each one,
 Completed at the last Re-union :
 And all in such a pure and pious way,
 As if the Book were written with *beavens* ray.
 But then, the Narrative of the *Lady's* life,
 How discreet *Mother*, how observant *wife* ;
 This and the rest's so well describ'd, that you'll
 Say right, to call it *Taylors Second Rule*.
 And though the Ladies *Tomb*, t'hir *Lords* content,
 Be stately built, This is her *Monument*.
 How happy was that *Noble Lord* in's love,
 To shelter such a *Man* at *Gold'n Grove*.

XXVI. To my Sister Barksdale.

NO end of *Teares* ? but, weep yourself to *Night*,
 And lose your *Eyes*, because you've lost the *sight*
 Of your beloved *son* ? Can you think now,
 By watring a dead *plant*, to make it grow ?
 At the last *day*, the dead shall have a *spring*,
 And live again : but before, no such thing
 Is possible. The *Corruptible Body* must
 Take up his *Habitation* in the *dust*.
 The *Soul* which of the parts is far the best,
 Is gone to God to everlasting rest.
 Clear up, I pray, those fairest *Eyes*, and see
 How mercif'ly God hath dealt with'ee.
 One child H'ath taken, and hath left the other
 To comfort you in the place of her *Brother*.
 But, if we will powre out our *Teares*, lets learn
 Their *currents* in the *proper course* to turn :

And

And then let Tears flow from us night & day,
 Til we have wept, and wash'd our sins away :
 Nor can our crosses suffer'd, nor our Fears,
 But our Sins may be cured by our Tears.

XXVII. *To the same.*

Y
OU grieve, and say, There was scarce ever any
 Hath buried her sweet Children young so many.
 That you to God so soon your Children sent,
 This is your Priv.ledge, not Punishment.
 Mothers, who thus their Infants back have given,
 Bare them, not so much for themselves, as Heaven.
 Happy, thrice happy are those little Ones
 Who are advanc'd per saltum, to their Thrones.

XXVIII *Upon the Book of Iustification,*
written by I. G. sent me by my
Lady CHANDOS.

W
Elcom the Book, expected so long time,
 Now sent me from the hand of one o' h' prime
 Ladies of England. Welcom, for her sake,
 Who by this favour hath bin pleas'd to make
 Me more obliged. Welcom, for its own worth :
 For here I finde perspicuously set forth,
 The work, which only by Free Grace is done,
 That sweetest A& Iustification.
 I have but tasted yet, but this short Tast
 Is far beyond some whole Books. (Th' Author's last
 Writings I will not speak of) I don't fear
 To praise his Learning and his Temper here.

And were the rest not worthy of a look,
I will rejoice to dwell on this fair Book.

XXIX. Of Love. Casimiri Sarb.

Quid nocti lumen ; luci quid querimus umbram ?
Nocte dies nobis est Amor ; umbra die.

Why seek we shade for day ; for darkness light ?
Love is our shade ith' Day ; our day, ith' Night.

XXX. A garland of Roses over
a sweet Child. Ejusdem.

Ipse Corona Rosa est Puer ? Puer annē Corona
Ipsa Rosa est ? puer est ipsa Corona Rosa.

Does the Rose crown the Chi'd ? or, the Child is
The Rose ith' Crown ? or Crowns the Rose ? So 'tis.

XXXI. An Angel painted by a faire
Child. Ejusdem.

Angel, Gonzaga es, spiritus exuis alas :
Si Gonzaga alas induit, angelus es.

The Angel the Chi'd is, let th'Wings alone ;
The Child the Angel is, put the Wings on.

Non

XXXII. Non N O B I S D O M I N E, &c.

*In the Great Chamber at Sudeley.**To my Lo. C.*

CHANDOS, wh' adorn'd the Princely Chamber, where
 So many Friends and Tenants welcom'd were,
 Caus'd the Artificer on the wall to write
 This Sentence, & expos't to all mens sight.
 So when our works are brought to end, must we
 All sing a'oud, *Non nobis, Domine.*
 And I, my Lord, that for my Muse I may
 Favour obtain, must *Kyrie Eleison* say.
 Twas her Ambition her Notes to sing
 To the Great-Grandson of the *Cotswold-King.*

XXXIII. Of Faith.

THE Divine Mysteries, as the Scripture saith,
 Above our Reason, objects are of Faith.
 We tast the sweet, without the Theory :
 So Children suck the milk they do not see

XXXV. In Stapyltonum Equi em Anglum
Interpretem Stradæ Romani.

Anglos vexarit quondam male Stapyltonus :
 Et merito mala est Anglia (Roma) Tibi.
 Anglos ornauit nunc iam bene Stapyltonus :
 Et merito grata est (Anglia) Roma Tibi.

XXXVI. To my brother D. Charlton,

T'other hard work have *Elzivis the Lei*
Den Printers finisht, De Lithiasi :
 Or have they faid? Then, let the books disease,
 Frequent with writers, on the Printers ceaze.
 What to the pious *Father Death* did give,
 Will make the *Son*, amongst best Authors, live.

XXXVII. *Eidem Domino Gualt.*
Charltono. M. R.

Charltonus, is qui Helmontium pridem dedit
Nuperg; nobis redditu Helmontium;
Hunc pulceris miranda Sympathetici,
Hunc eruditis exprimentem paginis
Medentium, de Fluxibus, Lapsus graver;
Iavu nunc suum, de Lapide secreto, librum
Donass. luce publicum gaudet Bonum.
O Autor annumerande Charltonis Tuis!
O abditâ praelarcor Gemmâ Liber!
Et Vivat Autor, et liber Vivat diu!

XXXVIII. To Mr. Edmund Bower.

So many Friends nam'd, yet not til this hower
One verse bestow'd upon my honourd Bower?
Sir, I am glad, you again feed the Ox,
And ventur'd not upon the Irish rocks:
No Ground for y u (though the beyond-sea sun
*Shine clear) can be so fit as Alverton.
 Long live there! you'r a Man the Scriptures bles,
 A fastisnll Trustee for the Fatherless.*

XXXVIII. To the worthy Persons mention'd
in these papers.

AN antient writer flattered himself, that He
Should give his Friends an *Immortality*,
Whom in his Books he mention'd. Be it farr
From me, to glory thus. Your *Good Names* are
Immortal of themselves. If my *Muse* live,
Your *Names* her life and estimation give.

XXXIX. Mro. Ric. Hillo T. B.

Sententias qui veterum bene memor tenes :
Cujus Cor, a cœm, nulla nunc possunt male
Penetrare : rectus sed manes, recti tenax :
Si quando sumis Hilaritatis poculum,
Admitte, quæso, Musas in cœtum, ut soles :
Has sobrias, inqnam, et siccas Musas meas.
Sic Hilariores florant Musæ Tue.

XL. To Mr. Edmund Waller.

Awit and Poet's no reproach. To you
Both Titles, if to any One, are due.
Your Name shall be enrolled Sir, among
Best English Poets, who write smooth and strong.
I know a man, had rather, with your wit,
Be th' happy Author of a Poem (yet
He studied long by the fair stream of *Onse*)
Than be some potent Prince, or One oth' House.

XL. A physic Note.

A Son of Galen's in a Physic book
 Bids the physician for a Med'cin look
 In the next hedge to's patient. Ready e-see
 Nature provides for every climes disease.
 If so : our Hawling-Men, when sick, may see
 In *Fnula campane* their Remedy.
 Here's enough of it : which doth useleſſ ly ;
 For They 'r scarce sick til by meie Age they dy.

XLII. To Mr I. C. physician.

When once I walkt with you thorough *Gloſter* street,
 Some of the poorer sort we chanc'd to meet.
My life you ſav'd, Good Maſter Comberline,
God blesſ you, ſaid another, You ſav'd mine.
 If we did know all your poor patients names,
 How ſhould we magnify your Goodneſſ, James ?
 The Rich from you have dear Health cheaſly bought :
 The Poor have ſkil and Med'cin too for nougħt.

XLIII. To D. Merret.

MY Garden, Sir, is yet or'e ſpred with weeds :
 Please you to ſend me ſome of your rare ſeeds,
 I ſhal prepare the Ground. But ſend in time,
 And of ſuch Plants, as love a colder clime.
 That I may know the plant, not ſeed alone,
 Pray ſend me *Spigel's Introduction.*
 Twil be Entertainment for a Friend, to tell
 In what Disease my Herbs will make him well :
 And walking by the banks to deſcribe what
 They are : One's good for this : T'other for that.

At last, I'lc add, when the best Herbs I show,
 All these I to my Menets bounty owe:
 Merret, who runs the names and vertues o're
 Of these plants, yes, and of a thousand more:
 And can declare, which, what disease wil cure,
 At the first sight, even by the Signature.

XLIV. To M^r Alex. Weld.

When you were in our Country last Rent-day,
 You pleasd to say, Sometime you'd take your way
 By my Houle. Pray Sir, when you come down next,
 Perform, and make your promise true as Text.
 Though my Avaro's pay not well their Dues,
 You shall be feasted by my bounteous Musc:
 And what you find deficient among
 The frugal Dishes, shee'l supply with song:
 That you may say, when you retu n, at ware
 Though not your palate, I did feast your Eare.

XLV. To Mr F. B.

Fulco, I know, albeit you'r wise and Grave,
 You so much of your old Humanity have,
 To let me tell you of the time, when *You*
 And *will*, and *Robin*, and *I*, and 'tother Crew
 Of fellowes bony fire-night, past ith' Hall,
 They from our now-strong-garrison'd *City* call.
 Oft have we discours'd 'ore a Zegedine
 Of *Double*, and now and then a pot of *wine*.
 Oft have we made a *Tun* to o're the *Can*,
 Offending nor the *State*, nor *Priscian*.
 For in our Mirth, we ever careful were
 To please th' *Historicall* *Prelector* *Wheat*.

Now wee're *dispers'd*, and perhaps grown more wisc,
Yet our old merri *Meetings* recognize.
Our present *Gravity* will not go less
Though we our youthful *vanity* confess,
The *Enemy* can find nought, if he will
Search for's, but what he may *preach at Corn-hill*.

XLVI. Upon Lent.

Our Country folk are very retinent
Of some old *Customs*, yet wil not keep *Lent*.
Upon *Shrove-Tuesday* they do feast and play :
But on *Ash-wednesday* they'l not fast and pray.
So prone we are our wanton flesh to please:
But care not much to cure the *Souls* disease.

XLVII. To Mr W. T.

„ *Noli timere ; familiam paseet tuam :*
„ *Nolo timere ; familiam pascet meam.*
„ *wil.* you did say, There is no *hurt* ith' rest :
But of my *verses*, these two are the *best*.
If *Gratius*, whose *verses* finely go,
Were 'live again to write, he would write so.
O say not *Gratius* would write like me :
'Tis too much praise, to write two lines as *H. E.*

XLVIII. To the same. A Sermon Note.

*W*ill. I remember (eight years now are past)
Preaching at *Hereford* great Church, at last
You did interf, by way of Application,
Out of judicious *Hooker*, this Citation.

„ The time will come, a word with Meekness fit,
 „ Shall be preferr'd to a volum of sharp wit.
 For th' use of all the Brethren of our Coat,
 I have revived here this good old Note.

XLIX. To the Critics.

I Am not as the Lord Mountaigny, He
 In whose *Essays* so large Impicssions be
 Of his peculiar, disposition :
 Yet have I giv'n my poor Muse a Commission,
 To tell some *private Tales* ; and made no doubt,
 To put my own Pedantic humors out.
 Kind Readers think not mine the dullest Pen
 That writes, if they meet one good Verse in ten.
 Ye sons of *Priscian*, pray, with favour read :
Lest my bold Scholars break your Father's Head.

L. An excuse.

Often I ride o're *Englands coldest Hill*,
 And meet with many a blast enough to chill
 A stronger Muse : nevertheless, my dame
 Keeps company, and remains *still the same*.
 She shorts my way, and, when no other's lent,
 Her own self is sufficient Argument.
 Now shee'd excuse some Verles hard pac'd are,
 Because made on my poor old trotting Mare.

LI. Herbert and Crashaw.

When into *Herbert's Temple* I ascend
 By *Crashaws Steps*, I do resolve to mend

My

My lighter Verse, and my low notes to raise,
 And in high Accent sing my *Makrs* praise.
 Mean while these sacred Poems in my Sight
 I place, and read, that I may learn to write.

LII. Come from Lebanon my Spouse. *Cant.*
M. Casim. Sarbie.

*ET fugis, et fugiens clamans, Quid sponsa morarise?
 Non fugis, ut fugias; ut capiare, fugis.*

Thou fly'st, and flying call'st : Away, my Spouse !
 Thou fly'st not to avoid her, but to rouse.

LIII. St Magdalen weeping under the Crois.

*A*h sitio, clamans. Absunt his rupibus undae.
Sola flumine oculis flumina; sola lube.

Thou cryst, I thirst. But Those are Rocks, not men ;
 These Eyes yield Chrystall waters. Lord, drink them.

LV. Upon Chrysostom.

You that vouchsafe to read these Verses, know,
 I may a Chrysostom to y. u. favour owe.
 Great Chrysostom Constantin' politan,
 Of th' Greek Edition Savilian;
 The stationer, for my *De Imperio*
 Has promisd it as my Reward. But so,
 The sumptuous Impression do not by
 Upon his hands; pray, Gentle Readers, Buy.
 Tis Gratius. Enough. Discourses wise
 Of State and Church take at two shillings price;

Wha

What though he ask you for it half a Crown?
 You spend more at one Sitting in the Town:
 I' st not a thrifty bargain for the Truth.
 Expect a better of the Golden-Mouth.
 Give me my Chrysostom, I will dispense,
 To all our Country-men his Eloquence.
 And first, the sweet-short Sermons you shall hear,
 Preach't, where They first the Christian Name did bear.

LV. To the Printer.

Did I effuse a little more of brine,
 On m' *Epigrams*, in such and such a line;
 Or could I write, as well as you can print,
 Unless there be a fatal disaster in't,
 (Although my *Thuan* were not of quick sale)
 The Muse will roundly off like *Cotswald Ale*.
 Pray, tell the *Bookseller*, if he will see't,
 Th' *Epigram*, though not very salt, is sweet.
 No obscene jests, no jeeres fall from my Pen:
 But it delights in praise of *Books and Men*.

LVI. To the Book-binder.

Has my Muse made a fault? Friend, I intreat,
 Before you bind her up, you wou'd her bear.
 Though Shoe's not loose and wanton, I can tell,
 Unless you beat her, you'll ne'r bind her well.

LVII. To F. A. Stationer.

Fare, you admire, what shou'd the meaning be,
 That my ~~madam~~ ~~mane~~ ~~mane~~ prouised is for Thee.
Hello

Here in the end, Thou shalt the Reason find :
 'Tis printed (tak't not ill) for thee to bind.
 None can compare to you, so finely well
 You bind, that your books for the ~~out~~-~~side~~ sell :
 If, by your close Art, you will set it forth,
 My Cuckold Muse will sell, though Nothing worth
 And though the writers wit give no great flash,
 Readers will think, tis Good, cause bound by Asb.

LVIII. To the Readers.

Conclusion.

MY verse, because they are not hard and rare,
 As some of Dav'now's, Don's and Cleveland's are,
 You censure. Pray Sir, must all men write so ?
 Or can wee all unto fair Corinth go ?
 But, Truth is, I'd not write so, if I cou'd :
 I write, just as I speak, to be understood.
 Whose sense will not without much study come,
 Let him, for me, be altogether dumb.
 No Persius be my Reader ; but such may,
 As He, who once threw Persius away.

Obe, jam satis est, obe Libelle.

Errata.

Page. 2. l. 7 dote Tibi, 32. 7 unlicens'd 32. 22, beavry
 grief 34. 15 Vis, urbem captain 39. 4. suis vi. 45 two
 bald. p. 46. v. 15. eximium. 47. 4. Audit. 62. 6. affay.
 65 pretiosa. Frisblair, 68. 7. dispowers, 68. 9. possess, 76. 23
 w Knights. 80. 13 Concumely.